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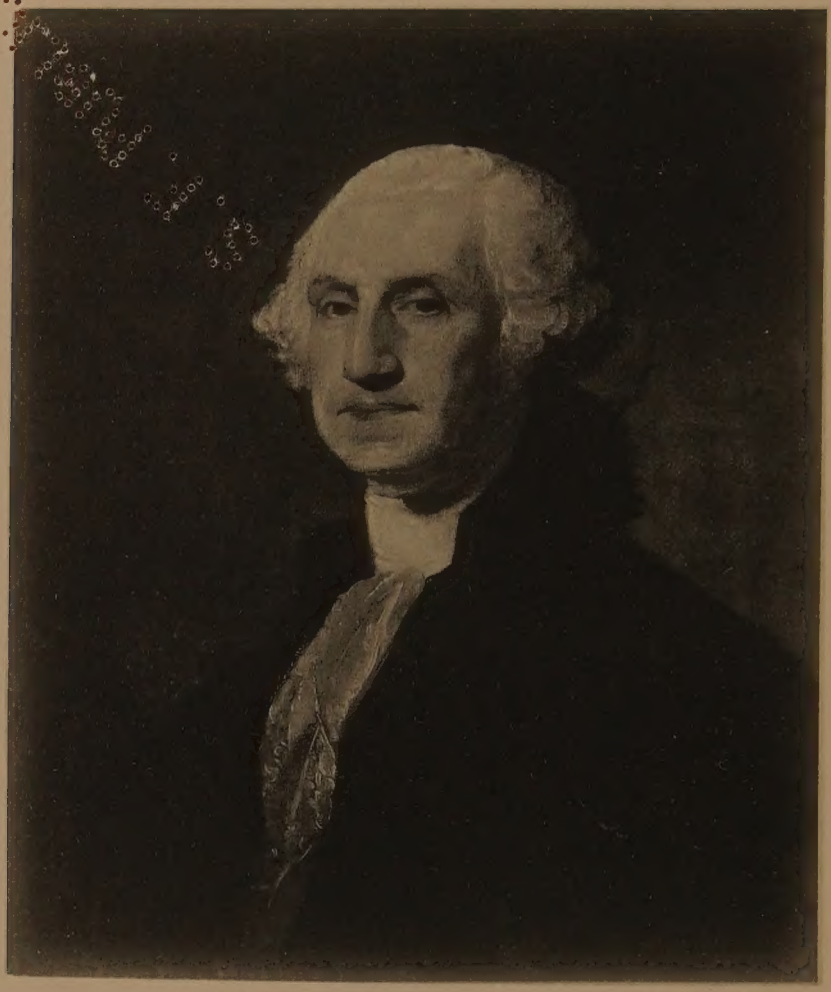

G. Washington

Men of Andover

Biographical Sketches

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY

BY CLAUDE MOORE FUESS
With an Introduction by the Headmaster
ALFRED ERNEST STEARNS

NEW HAVEN, YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
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INTRODUCTION

By Alfred Ernest Stearns
Headmaster of Phillips Academy, Andover

THE most valuable asset of which any institution can justly boast is a rich heritage from the past. It is not uncommon to speak of the atmosphere of a school or college; and that indefinable thing we call "atmosphere" is not created by the material things that the eye can record, but is the result of those intangible influences that have worked quietly but steadily during the passing years and that have been contributed by men and women who have seen visions and have dreamed dreams and have testified to their faith in those visions and their hope in those dreams by the character of their lives and the serviceableness of their work. Buildings and grounds may and often do embody the spirit of these influences; but the influences none the less are intangible and find their source in the personalities of those who as builders, as teachers, as scholars, and as friends have added their mites and left their impress for the benefit of posterity.

Nowhere more than among the schools and universities of the Old World does one sense the presence of "atmosphere." Moss-covered walls reflect in their very tints an ancient past, while the worn stones of steps trodden by the passing generations of youth whisper of care-free undergraduate days and of achievement and

renown in later years. The stalwart figures of the past, imposing masters, kindly teachers, and scholars destined to make their names known around the world seem almost to live again as one lets one's thoughts drift back through the centuries that have mellowed these ancient halls of learning.

America is, of course, still too young a country to have developed such an atmosphere about its institutions of learning as that which pervades the older schools and universities abroad. And yet among America's oldest institutions the halo of age is at least beginning to shed its mellowing light and the traditions of an illustrious past are exerting their subtle and inspiring influence. Especially is this true of our oldest colleges and universities.

School systems and school conditions in the United States have undergone constant and marked changes since the founding of the nation, and this has served to break traditions and mar the development in most of our American schools of that type of atmosphere to which reference has been made. The local academy has been largely swallowed up in the public high school or, in some cases, has become the foundation on which a modern university has been reared. Many, and chiefly those with definite sectarian limitations, have disappeared. Still others, seemingly successful at the start, found the competition with the newer and vigorous high schools too severe and were only saved from complete extinction by drastic reorganization which left them with little of their original character. In those early years when the fever of education among our fa-

thers was at its height few schools were founded that could be said to have had a distinctly national character and aim. Of these Phillips Academy was one; and to this breadth of view on the part of its founders it owes its steady and uninterrupted growth and the accumulation of that tradition and prestige that only the passage of time can bring.

To an unusual degree the roots of Phillips Academy are intertwined with those of the nation itself. It was born with the new nation. The granting of its charter was the last act of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts prior to the establishment of the new State Government. Its founder was at this very time serving on the committee of the legislature intrusted with the task of framing a constitution for the newly established state. It was the first incorporated school of its kind in the land, and, unlike nearly all schools of those and much later times, Phillips Academy was from the start avowedly a distinctly national school drawing its earliest pupils from the Washingtons of far-away Virginia and other families, distinguished or more obscure, who saw in this newly founded school the opportunities they craved for their sons and to whom distance proved no insurmountable obstacle.

With such a background Phillips Academy may justly claim a rich heritage, while its later history, recording healthy and steady growth, gives it the further right to boast of accumulating traditions that slowly but surely create and sustain that which we call atmosphere, subtle and hard to define, but distinctive, real, and definitely inspiring.

The significance and value of this honorable past have been recognized by no one more clearly than by the present Board of Trustees. The true worth of this great asset they have realized and they are determined that its influence shall count with increasing strength in the life of the school of to-day and in the development of the school of to-morrow. Newly erected buildings will carry to posterity the names of great men who by their life and works brought new prestige and lasting fame to their school. Foundations for instructorships will give permanence to those who as leaders and teachers gave of their best to an institution which won their loyalty and stirred their faith. Historic objects, breathing of a great past and urging to a still greater future, will more and more greet the eyes and stir the hearts of visitors to the school on Andover Hill. The conservation in this way of an illustrious past must inevitably stir the imagination and strengthen the loyalty of teachers and pupils alike, while its gripping influence cannot fail to extend far beyond the borders of the school itself.

What could be more appropriate at this time and in pursuance of this high purpose than to put into permanent form through the medium of the printed page the record of the lives and achievements of some of those outstanding figures of the past to whom Phillips Academy owes so much? In the spring of 1928 the school will celebrate in a significant way the completion of one hundred and fifty years of continuous and outstanding service to education and the nation. As an incentive to increased pride in the past and new enthu-

siasm for the future this volume should offer a distinct contribution. The steady and marked expansion in grounds and buildings will be at once apparent to all. But the hidden potent influences that may be truly said to have furnished the driving force behind it all will be better understood by those who make the acquaintance of the great figures of the past. Not all, but many of these stalwart figures will be found in this commemorative volume. They live again and have their message for those who will listen and understand.

To the regular readers of the *Phillips Bulletin* most of the brief sketches in this book will prove familiar. Yet even they will welcome the opportunity to possess this permanent and comprehensive record of famous men with whom they have picked perhaps only a passing acquaintance, and they will be glad to meet for the first time others who have earned their right to places in Phillips Academy's Hall of Fame.

The school is fortunate in having on its own teaching force one so exceptionally qualified to do this important work. Since he joined the academy faculty in 1908, Doctor Fuess has caught the spirit of the school as few have done and by hard and enthusiastic study has derived a knowledge of its history and traditions and of the men who have labored in and for it that marks him as the ideal man to whom to intrust this task. His published volumes, *An Old New England School* and *Phillips Academy in the Great War*, reveal the extent of his study and the breadth of his knowledge, while his work as editor of the *Phillips Bulletin*, appreciated so deeply by all old Andover boys, has won

commendation everywhere and has given that publication a distinct and significant place among the best of similar publications issued by the leading colleges and schools of the country. His wide knowledge of men and affairs associated with the school is everywhere in evidence in this book, and the portraits he has here painted of those so justly entitled to be honored with places among the *Men of Andover* carry their distinctive coloring and lines which blend in turn into a composite portrait about which there lingers something of that atmosphere which Phillips Academy rejoices to call its own.

Men of Andover

WASHINGTONS AND LEES

at Phillips Academy

THE school which somewhat audaciously opened on a Thursday morning in April, 1778, in the very midst of "war's alarms," was originally a small local institution, drawing its pupils from the immediate vicinity. Of the fifty-one boys enrolled during the first session of Master Eliphalet Pearson's administration in the renovated carpenter's shop on Andover Hill, eight were from southern New Hampshire, only a few miles away, and the others were all from Massachusetts. In 1782 arrived the first adventurous student from outside New England—John Callender, aged ten, from Fredericksburg, Virginia. What brought him such a long distance north for an education is not known; but it is interesting that he was followed, three years later, by another lad from Fredericksburg—Howell Lewis, almost an exact contemporary of young Callender. It may be surmised that the boys were at least acquaintances, for Fredericksburg was not a large city. The fact of significance here, however, is that Howell Lewis was a nephew of General George Washington, and the first of several members of the Washington family to attend Phillips Academy.

While Washington was in command of the colonial

troops besieging Boston in 1775, he had been thrown into contact with Samuel Phillips, Jr., afterwards the projector of Phillips Academy, who, although only four years out of Harvard College, had been elected to the Provincial Congress and was then serving on a committee appointed to confer with the Commander in Chief on problems connected with the war. Washington was undoubtedly familiar with the experiments conducted by Phillips in an effort to supply ammunition to the continental forces and had encouraged him in the establishment of a powder-mill on the Shawsheen River.

The vicissitudes of war soon obliged Washington to leave New England, not to return for many years, but he must have been informed of what Phillips had done in education, and he probably followed with approval the progress of the Phillips School. His favorite sister, Elizabeth—known to him always as Betty—became in 1750 the second wife of Colonel Fielding Lewis, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, a patriot who was a manufacturer of gunpowder in Revolutionary days. He built for her the stately mansion of Mill-Brook, afterwards called Kenmore, now preserved as a museum. Their sixth and youngest child, Howell Lewis, born on December 12, 1771, at Woodlawn, Culpepper County, Virginia, was only ten years old when his father died; and his uncle, General Washington, who had been named as his guardian, arranged to have him enter Phillips Academy, where he remained for two years, under the instruction first of Master Pearson and then

of Master Ebenezer Pemberton. Howell Lewis did not go to college, but returned to Virginia, became private secretary for a time to his distinguished uncle, married the beautiful Ellen Hackley Pollard—by whom he had eleven children—and settled in Richmond. As one of the five surviving children of Betty Washington Lewis, he inherited in 1799 one of the twenty-three shares into which President Washington's residuary estate was divided; and in 1812, "with twelve male and six female slaves, and their children, under the care of Old Jack, a trusty leader among them," he moved to Mason County, Virginia, in what is now West Virginia, near the mouth of Big Buffalo Creek, where he built a plantation on the 1300 acres of what were known as the "Kanawha lands." There he died on December 26, 1822. Phillips Academy has recently been permitted to have a portrait of Howell Lewis copied by a well-known artist from a miniature in the possession of one of his descendants, and this copy now hangs appropriately in the auditorium of George Washington Hall, on Andover Hill.

When President Washington, in the course of his northeastern tour during the autumn of 1789, rode through Andover, he already had some personal interest in the now flourishing school which his friend, Judge Phillips, had founded, and in which his nephew, Howell Lewis, had been a student. The details of that memorable visit have often been described, and it is not necessary to repeat them here. It should be kept in mind, however, that he must have inspected the

Academy and have conversed with Master Pemberton, who doubtless explained the course of study which was there pursued. That he learned enough to have confidence in it may be surmised from the fact that, in 1795, two boys of the Washington name and lineage were included in the list of pupils.

A digression on some matters of genealogy may assist in clarifying a very complicated family relationship. The President's younger half-brother, Augustine Washington, had married Anne Aylett. Their son, Colonel William Augustine Washington (1757-1810), won distinction as a cavalry officer during the Revolution and married Jane, daughter of the President's own brother, John Augustine Washington, and Hannah Bushrod. Colonel William Augustine Washington, as the chart will show, was a cousin of his wife, Jane, she being an own niece and he a half-blood nephew of George Washington. They lived on an estate at Haywood, Westmoreland County, Virginia, and had four sons, of whom three attended Phillips Academy.

On April 2, 1795, President Washington equipped his nephew, Colonel Washington, with a letter to his old comrade in arms, General Benjamin Lincoln. This note of introduction, the original of which is owned by Phillips Academy, reads as follows:

This letter will be presented to you by Col. Wm. A. Washington, a nephew of mine, who I beg leave to introduce to your civilities.

His intention is to fix two of his sons at the Andover Academy; in the accomplishment of which, or any-

thing else he may stand in need, your aid would be very obliging to

Dear Sir

Your obed't and affectionate Serv't

G. Washington

P.S. If my nephew should desire it, I pray you to introduce him to the Governor.

The two sons referred to in this letter were Augustine Washington and Bushrod Washington, who were duly enrolled at Andover in the summer of 1795. Their sojourn at Phillips Academy was not, however, altogether successful, as is quite evident from a letter from Judge Phillips to his son, John Phillips, on September 14, 1796, when the latter was about to undertake a journey to New York and Philadelphia:

If you are to be introduced to the President, you will predetermine what to say in answering any enquiries concerning the youth; & if he has a desire to know their character, it will be incumbent to give it fairly. You can say much of the disposition of Augustine & his application, his desire to do right & to gratify his friends. You will naturally mention the disadvantage he labored under before he came, the labor it is to him to learn, & the embarrassment he suffers from his extreme diffidence. If he is to live with a merchant, the sooner he is qualified for & placed with one the better. I hope you will find out acceptable words. Don't speak too fast.

It is apparent from the tone of Judge Phillips's instructions that he would have been glad to be relieved of his two charges; and a letter sent by him on July 20,

1797, to Colonel William Augustine Washington himself further explains the situation:

To Colonel Wm. Aug'n Washington.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favors of the 22d of May & the 22d of June—the former enclosing a bill for $300 was rec'd on the 3 and the last on the 8 of the present month. In your last you are pleased to communicate your determination of having your sons return'd to Virg'a. The circumstance which gives rise to this determination has occasioned me many anxious hours & recourse has been had to every expedient that could be thought of, to excite a greater alteration in yr. youngest son, but, it grieves me to say, the success has been much less than we hoped for. At the same time, Justice requires me to say that his temper is good, his disposition kind, generous, and manly, & that he has the good wishes of all about him.

Very soon after receiving notice of yr. determination I took measures to enquire for a vessel bound to Potomacke—but am checked in my enquiries by the state of yr. son Augustine's health. He has repeatedly said that his health has been generally much better here than when in Virg'a. Last winter he caught cold—had a complaint of the pulmonic kind—& spit blood a few times, but got quite over those complaints. In the last month some of his former complaints return; he has now a cough that is troublesome, & has a febrile habit. Indeed we are fearful that his complaints are hectical. The news of his Sister's illness & decease had a great effect on his mind, and since the tidings of her death he has been much impressed with the idea that he sh'd follow her by the same disorder. We endeavor to keep

up his spirits—he rides frequently & thinks he receives benefit—the best advice of the faculty is taken. I should readily receive him into my family notwithstanding Mrs. Phillips's and my own want of health; but am confident he is in a situation more favorable to him, under his present circumstances, as Mr. French is a gentleman of considerable skill & much experience in complaints like your son's & he with Mrs. French has repeatedly assured me that nothing has been omitted or shall be omitted that can be useful to him. I shall spare no attentions that are in my power which an anxious parent can desire, and shall soon give you further information concerning him. Your request respecting a private instructor and clergyman of the Episcopalian denomination will be duly attended. You will permit me to sympathize with you very sincerely under your various & heavy trials, and will please to accept the fullest assurance of my best wishes for a happy issue to them all. I am, dear Sir, with much respect, esteem, & affection, your very obedient,

S. P.

In his present situation, we judged it unsafe for him to venture at this season of extreme heat into a more southern climate, but hope at the close of summer, he may take the voyage with less danger. In the meantime, I shall spare no attentions.

The older one of the two lads, Augustine, was a sickly child and died of tuberculosis in 1798, at the age of eighteen, shortly after his return to Virginia. Bushrod, the younger, eventually entered Harvard College—but did not graduate—and married Henrietta Bryan Spotswood, his cousin, by whom he had

eight children. In his later life, he inherited from his uncle, Judge Bushrod Washington, a portion of the Mount Vernon estate, which he named Mount Zephyr. He died at this homestead in November, 1830, at the age of forty-five. The youngest of his children, Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, visited Andover in 1887, and was shown the old parsonage of the Reverend Jonathan French, where her father had roomed nearly a century before.

In 1795 also two other Virginia boys of aristocratic connections came to Phillips Academy. Richard Henry Lee, the patriot, had in his old age two sons by a second marriage—Cassius Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee. After their father's death, they were under the guardianship of Charles Lee, who, on May 10, 1795, sent to Judge Phillips the following letter, hitherto unpublished:

Col. William Augustine Washington, who visits Massachusetts for the purpose of placing his two sons at an academy where they may be educated in a sufficient & virtuous manner, has been so obliging as to take under his direction Cassius Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee, sons of Richard Henry Lee, who also are to be put at some seminary of learning in that state and if convenient at the same where his sons will be disposed. In the character of guardian to these two youths I have requested him to place them where the best opportunities shall be offered of educating them in the manner their father has desired.

Cassius, who is nearly sixteen years of age, is to be taught arithmetic, mathematicks, natural philosophy,

geography, criticism, and ethics. His father's wish was that he might have a full knowledge of these, and might not be troubled with any foreign language, but be a thorough master of the American language in writing as well as speaking it. Perhaps it may be requisite to finish him by removing him to Harvard College, for which when he shall be fit I beg to be informed.

Francis Lightfoot Lee is to be taught his own language correctly, also Latin & Greek, writing, arithmetic, geometry, mathematicks, and the other branches of a complete education.

With respect to their supplies in ordinary transient matters, Col. Washington is desired to make arrangements, and his contracts respecting them shall be complied with. Whatever sums reasonably expended on account of their board, cloathing, and tuition or other accidental necessities shall be punctually paid or remitted and in the first instance something will be advanced, and I shall prefer paying in advance half yearly for those articles that can be ascertained.

My principal inducement in sending these lads so far from Virginia and their friends is that they may be brought up in the purest principles of religion, morality, & virtue, may early learn to take care of themselves and on themselves to depend for their well-being and happiness; and from the manners and habits of your state bring hither a portion of its industry, frugality, perseverance, and republican virtues. I trust too that in point of bodily health they will acquire a hardiness which the climate here will not bestow. Having been nurtured tenderly, too sudden a change would be detrimental in every respect to them, and I trust every

proper caution will in the first instance be used & in case of sickness that every kind and tender regard will be extended to their feelings. The reasonable expenses proper for boys of their age are to be permitted and shall be paid.

Upon every occasion which to you shall seem proper, I shall be happy in receiving a letter & I am very respectfully your most obedient servant.

The Lee boys boarded with Judge and Madame Phillips at the Mansion House, where they were discreetly guarded. By an odd and tragic coincidence, Cassius, the elder, who, after leaving Phillips Academy, entered the College of New Jersey (now Princeton), died in 1798, in the same year as Augustine Washington, who had come with him to Andover. In some of the last lines he ever penned, Cassius wrote concerning his Andover benefactors—"My friendship for the Phillips family cannot be buried with me in the grave, but it will live with me in the immortal life. Perhaps some little article presented to each of them, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and their son, as at my request, would please them." In answering a letter enclosing this last communication from Cassius, Judge Phillips said:

The observation expressed in your introductory letter, that one of your principal inducements in sending him and his brother so far from Virginia and their friends, was "that they might be brought up in the purest principles of religion, morality, and virtue," accorded so perfectly with my ideas of the essential part of education, that I took more pleasure in urging remarks tending to that object; the unremitted and seri-

ous attention with which these remarks were received by our departed friend, heightened the pleasure of the duty; the satisfaction you are pleased to express in the conduct of his education is highly grateful; and the cordial expressions of attachment to our family in his last letter to you, will be among the sources of our most pleasing reflections through the remainder of life.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, the younger of the two lads, graduated from Harvard in 1802, received his Master's degree in 1806, and died in 1850. So far as can be ascertained, he was a person of no especial distinction. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that, of the thirty-seven new boys registered at Phillips Academy in 1795, the two Washingtons and the two Lees were the only ones not from Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and ten were from the town of Andover itself. The first step towards becoming a national school was taken when these youngsters from the Old Dominion were allowed to join the student body.

In 1803, after an interval of some years, four more Washingtons came to Phillips Academy to be under the instruction of Principal Mark Newman. One of these, George Corbin Washington—born at Harewood, Virginia, August 20, 1789—was a younger brother of Augustine and Bushrod, who had already attended the school. He later spent some months at Harvard College—the Washingtons seem to have had difficulty in graduating from any educational institution—married Eliza Ridgeley Beall, became a lawyer, was elected State Senator and Congressman from Maryland, and became Commissioner as to Indian Claims and Presi-

dent of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company. He died in 1854, at Georgetown, D.C., leaving eight children. Through the courtesy of one of his descendants, Phillips Academy has had his portrait copied by George Bernhard Meyer. Another of his descendants, William Lanier Washington, is at present the hereditary representative of the Washington family in America.

The three other Washingtons to come to Andover in 1803 were the children of Corbin Washington, second son of the President's own brother, John Augustine Washington, whom George Washington described as "the intimate companion of my youth and the friend of my ripened years." Corbin Washington had married Hannah Lee, daughter of Richard Henry Lee, by whom he had three sons—Richard Henry Lee Washington (1787-1819), Bushrod Corbin Washington (1790-1851), and John Augustine Washington, II (1792-1832),—all born at Walnut Farm, Westmoreland County, Virginia. Corbin Washington, the father, died in 1800, leaving his boys under the guardianship of his brother, Judge Bushrod Washington. Judge Washington was then living at Mount Vernon, where his nephews were brought up until the time arrived for them to be sent away to school. Bushrod C. Washington, a descendant of the second brother, wrote in 1879, "I have no doubt the reason these brothers were sent to Andover was because of the respect Judge Washington had for Governor Phillips's memory, and the friendship that had existed between General Washington and Governor Phillips."

Richard Henry Lee Washington, the eldest, died in

1819, unmarried, at Prospect Hill, Jefferson County, Virginia, and was never a man of any consequence. Bushrod Corbin Washington settled in Jefferson County, Virginia, as a farmer, married Anne Maria Blackburn—by whom he had two children—was a member of the House of Delegates, and died, July 28, 1851, in Claymont, now a village in West Virginia.

The youngest of the three, John Augustine Washington, II, who came to Phillips Academy at fourteen, made his home until 1829 at Blakely, Jefferson County, Virginia, not far from his two brothers, where he married Jane Blackburn, sister of his brother Bushrod's wife, who bore him five children. He inherited Mount Vernon from his uncle and was for three years its proprietor, until his death on June 16, 1832. The estate then passed into the hands of his widow, who, after being mistress of Mount Vernon for almost exactly a quarter of a century, deeded it to her son, John Augustine Washington, III, who, in turn, sold it in 1859 to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. Many of his descendants are alive to-day.

The extraordinary ramifications of Washington family genealogy, together with the amazing confusion of names from one generation to another, have made it no easy task to identify and describe the various members of the clan mentioned in this article. The blunders made by writers in the past—not excluding the author of this article—on this subject have been numerous, and it is possible that other errors will be discovered in what has been said here, although every effort has been made to check up on even the least important

statements. Even eminent authorities do not agree on dates and places, and there seems to be no way of reaching absolute truth.

What does stand out without fear of dispute, after all the facts have been uncovered, is the intimate relationship between the Washington family and Phillips Academy—a relationship begun because of the friendship between Judge Phillips and General Washington and maintained after their deaths because of the prestige which the school had acquired. In a period before railroads had shortened distances, it was decidedly unusual for boys of their tender ages to be sent far away from home for an education. To-day we display no astonishment when we learn that a boy from Arizona is sitting in chapel beside one from Portland, Oregon, but it was different a century and a quarter ago. It is fitting that George Washington Hall, with its fine Stuart portrait of the President hanging in the lobby, should commemorate a relationship of which, for various reasons, Phillips Academy is very proud.

PAUL REVERE

And the Seal of Phillips Academy

AMONG the precious relics carefully preserved at Andover by the Trustees is the Seal of Phillips Academy, made and engraved by Paul Revere. It is a disk of silver, one inch and three-eighths in diameter and approximately one-eighth of an inch thick, soft-soldered to a copper plate of similar size. Having been continuously in use from 1782 until a few years ago, it is naturally somewhat worn, and impressions from it are not so sharply defined as they once were. A modern reproduction is employed for routine office work by the administrative staff.

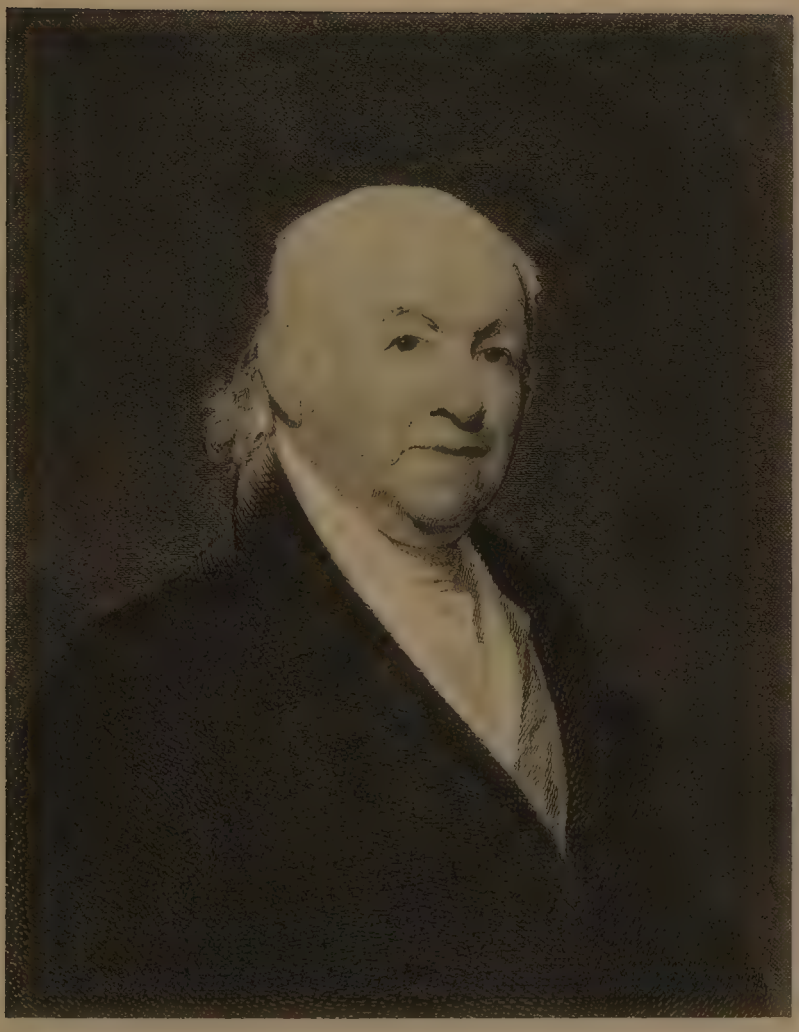
The story of this ancient Seal carries us back to October 8, 1778—only a few months after the opening of "Phillips School"—when, by vote of the Trustees, the Honorable William Phillips, Oliver Wendell, John Lowell, and Samuel Phillips, Jr., were constituted a special committee from their number to apply to the Massachusetts Legislative Body for an Act of Incorporation. On April 20, 1779, this same committee, not having completed its business, was continued. Eventually these gentlemen, proceeding thoroughly if not expeditiously, were able to secure the passage of the desired measure on October 4, 1780, as the last act of the old Great and General Court, and it was duly signed by John Hancock, the Presiding Officer, with

that flourish of the pen familiar to every American schoolboy. The fourth section of this Act of Incorporation includes the following provision:

And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid that the said Trustees and their successors, shall have one common Seal, which they make use of in any cause or business, that relates to the said office of Trustees of the said Academy; and they shall have the power and authority to break, change, and renew the said Seal, from time to time, as they shall see fit.

It was evidently the necessity of complying with this portion of the Act of Incorporation which led Oliver Wendell and John Lowell, two of the Trustees residing in Boston, to have the existing Seal made and presented to the school. These donors, aside from the noteworthy fact that one became the grandfather of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the other the grandfather of James Russell Lowell, were men of importance in their own generation. Oliver Wendell (1733-1818), the older of the two, was the son of Colonel Jacob Wendell and a descendant of Governor Bradstreet. After graduating from Harvard College in 1753, he became a Selectman of Boston, Judge of the Suffolk County Probate Court, Member of the Governor's Council, and a State Senator, as well as a Fellow of Harvard. He was associated with the Phillips family through the marriage of his sister, Margaret, to William Phillips, Judge Phillips's first cousin, once removed.

John Lowell (1743-1802) was born in Newburyport, graduated at Harvard in 1760, and later moved to Boston, where he had a brilliant career as a jurist,



Paul Revere

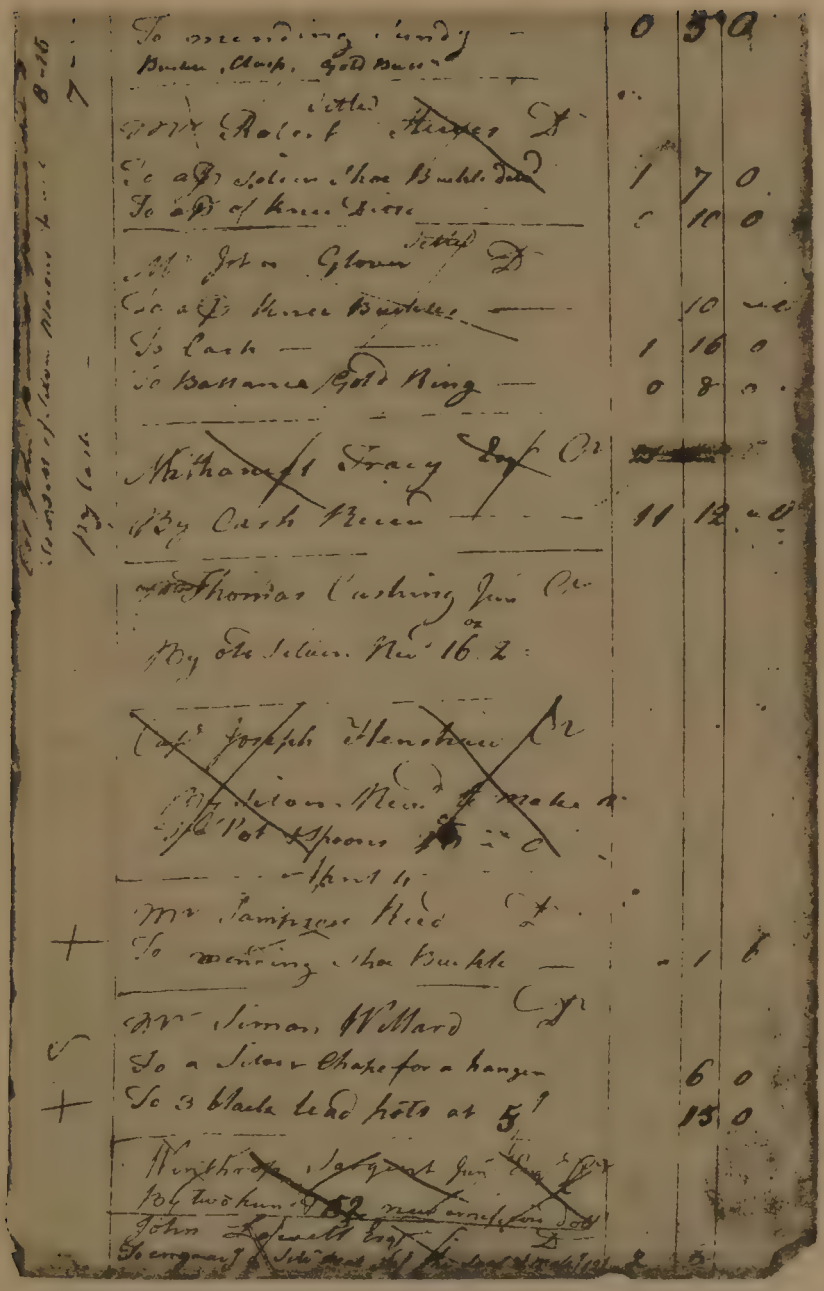
first as Judge of the Court of Appeals and afterwards as Judge of the United States Circuit Court for the New England District—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. He represented Newburyport in the Provincial Assembly of 1776, and was a member of the Continental Congress in 1782-83. He had three wives, with three children by the first, two by the second, and four by the third. It is interesting to remember that Oliver Wendell, John Lowell, and Samuel Phillips, Jr., all original Trustees of Phillips Academy, were delegates to the Convention to frame the Constitution of Massachusetts held at Cambridge in 1779, and that Lowell carried through the adoption of a clause stating that "all men are born free and equal," thus abolishing slavery forever in the Commonwealth.

In selecting the right person to make a seal for the new school, it was inevitable that Lowell and Wendell should turn to Paul Revere, whose work in engraving dies for coins and medals was known to be the best in New England. As early as 1764, Revere had manufactured a medal for one Joseph Cordis, and he had gradually arrived at the point where he constructed patterns from his own designs. He was the engraver of the seal used by the Massachusetts Province from 1775 to 1780, and he cut the plates for the Colonial paper currency. One of his important commissions had been the engraving of the Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with its familiar motto, "*Ense petit placidam sub Libertate quietem.*" For this service his bill was nine hundred pounds, but he was quite willing

to accept later the sum of fifteen pounds, "New Emission," in settlement of his account in full.

Furthermore Lowell and Wendell were on intimate terms with Paul Revere, having been associated with him on many patriotic committees. Both Revere and Lowell were present at the North End Caucus, held at Mr. William Campbell's on March 23, 1772; indeed the two were appointed together on that occasion on a committee "to examine into the Minority of the town and report to this body." At the caucus called on October 23, 1773, Revere, Lowell, and Abdiel Ruddock were elected a committee "to correspond with any committee chosen in any part of the town," in connection with "the vending of tea, sent by the East India Company to any part of the Continent." At a Town Meeting, held on March 29, 1776, after the evacuation of Boston by the British, Oliver Wendell, Esq., and Major Paul Revere were chosen as "a Committee of Correspondence, Inspection, and Safety for the year ensuing."

It was, then, to Paul Revere, the best-known craftsman in metals in Boston and their own friend and neighbor, that Wendell and Lowell naturally entrusted the making of the official seal for Phillips Academy. Not long ago, through the courtesy of Revere's descendants, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, and Mr. William B. Revere, of Canton, I was permitted to examine the Paul Revere "Day Books," which they have loaned to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The Librarian brought in these ledgers, preserved since the eighteenth century, with the entries set down in Re-



A page from the Paul Revere Day Book, showing the entry regarding the Seal of Phillips Academy.

vere's own hand—often in a hasty scrawl, as if he were eager to be done with bookkeeping and escape to some patriotic gathering. It was not difficult to discover the item for which I was searching, for under the date of April 5, 1782, at the foot of a long page, was plainly written the following entry:

JOHN LOWELL, ESQ.		
To engrav'g Silv'r seal 36/ the Seal & mak'g 12/	2	8

Two pounds and eight shillings for making and engraving a silver seal—not at all expensive as such things go! And a specialist in engraving, who examined the Seal, said, as he turned it lovingly over in his hands, "This is absolutely priceless!"

Only one other step now needs to be recorded. At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, about six weeks later, the Seal thus made and paid for was formally presented, a fact perpetuated by an entry for May 22, 1782:

Voted, that the thanks of the Trustees be given to the Hon. Oliver Wendell and John Lowell, Esq. for the donation of a Seal for the Academy.

Something should be said here regarding the design on the Seal. Nothing so far has been discovered as to its originator, there being no reference to it in the existing Phillips papers or in contemporary documents. The central feature—a beehive, with an adjacent flowering plant (species unknown), and bees flitting between the two—is traditionally attributed to Judge Phillips, who

deemed idleness to be the most insidious and demoralizing of the vices. It doubtless symbolizes a group of industrious scholars in his Academy engaged in emulating the example set for them in the hymn of Isaac Watts:

> How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour,
> And gather honey all the day
> From every opening flower!

The unclouded sun above, with rays extending in every direction, may well represent the light of learning shining out from the newly established Phillips School. We are told by specialists in heraldry that these details show, in their form and arrangement, no acquaintance with that highly technical art; but the idea which they conveyed was expressed with perfect clearness—at least to the Trustees and friends of Phillips Academy.

The two mottoes on the Seal are not altogether original. Within the sun's refulgent orb are the words "*Non Sibi*," a free translation of which is "Not for Self." These Latin words have often appeared in recent years as part of some trite phrase, such as "*Non Sibi, sed Omnibus*" or "*Non Sibi, sed Patriae.*" Professor Charles H. Forbes makes the plausible suggestion that it is a reminiscence of the famous line of Lucan, *Pharsalia*, II, 383—"*Nec sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo*" (and that he believed that he was born, not for self, but for the entire world). This passage referring to Cato and his principles was frequently quoted as "*non sibi*" when there was no reason for connecting

CHAP. VI.

An Act to incorporate an Academy in the Town of *Andover*, by the Name of *Phillips* Academy.

WHEREAS the Education of Youth has ever been considered by the Wise and Good as an Object of the highest Consequence to the Safety and Happiness of a People; as at that Period the Mind easily receives and retains Impressions, is formed with peculiar Advantage to Piety and Virtue, and directed to the Pursuit of the most useful Knowledge: And whereas the Honorable Samuel Phillips, of Andover, in the County of Essex, Esquire, and the Honorable John Phillips, of Exeter, in the County of Rockingham, and State of New Hampshire, Esquire, on the First Day of April in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy eight by a legal Instrument of that Date, gave, granted and assigned to the Honorable William Phillips, Esquire, and others, therein named, and to their Heirs, divers Lots and Parcels of Land in said Instrument described, as well as certain other Estate, to the Use and upon the Trust following, viz. That the Rents, Profits and Interest thereof, be forever laid out and expended by the Trustees in the said Instrument named, for the Support of a public Free School or Academy in the Town of Andover: And whereas the Execution of the generous and important Design of the Grantors aforesaid, will be attended with very great Embarrassments unless by an Act of Incorporation, the Trustees mentioned in the said Instrument, and their Successors, shall be authorised to commence and prosecute Actions at Law, and transact such other Matters in their Corporate Capacity as the Interest of the said Academy shall require: Preamble.

Be it therefore enacted by the Council and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That there be and there hereby is established in the Town of *Andover*, and County of *Essex*, an Academy, by the Name of *Phillips* Academy, for the Purpose of promoting true Piety and Virtue, and for the Education of Youth in the *English*, *Latin* and *Greek* Languages, together with Writing, Arithmetic, Musick, and the Art of Speaking; also practical Geometry, Logic, and Geography, and such other of the Liberal Arts and Sciences or Languages as Opportunity may hereafter permit, and as the Trustees herein after provided shall direct. To establish in the Town of Andover an Academy, by the Name of Phillips Academy.

Be it further enacted by the Authority aforesaid, That the Honorable Samuel Phillips of Andover aforesaid, Esquire, the Honorable John Phillips

The first page of the printed Act of Incorporation of Phillips Academy.

it with a preceding clause. Whatever the source of the phrase, the altruistic motives of the Founders were well brought out in this simple language, which summarizes the theory on which Judge Phillips based his own life and to which he hoped and expected that his institution would adhere.

The phrase at the lower curve of the Seal—"*Finis Origine Pendet*," translated "The End Depends upon the Beginning"—has been traced by Arthur S. Pease, P.S., '98, now President of Amherst College, to the Roman astrological poet, Manilius, in whose lines it has unquestionably a fatalistic significance. On this subject President Pease has written convincingly in the *Phillips Bulletin* for January, 1924, page 15. As he points out, it is unlikely that Samuel Phillips, Jr., even though a Harvard graduate, had ever read this rather obscure Latin versifier. It is probable that Phillips, finding this apothegm in some collection of proverbs or sententious sayings, adopted it for his own motto, later transferring it to the school which he had established. In any event, he altered the idea from the original and employed the phrase to emphasize the importance of getting the right kind of a start in life. On the Seal it is a classical version of "As the Twig is Bent, so is the Tree Inclined."

It may not be amiss to add a word about Paul Revere, the maker of the Seal—the man who has been called "The Mercury of the Revolution." He was born, January 1, 1735, in Boston, the third of twelve children of Apollos Rivoire, who came to Massachusetts in 1723 from the Island of Guernsey, became a

goldsmith, married Deborah Hichborn, and changed his name to Paul Revere because of certain difficulties involved in pronouncing the French form in the English tongue. The younger Paul followed his father's occupation, taking charge of the shop when the latter died in 1754, and became a skilful designer and craftsman in gold and silver—a New England Benvenuto Cellini. His silverware—almost invaluable to-day—is of excellent workmanship, based largely on English eighteenth-century designs, and, in the judgment of experts, compares not unfavorably with the products of the best British silversmiths of that period. It was a time when patterns were hammered and carved out laboriously by hand, and, in this slow fashion, Revere manufactured a great variety of plate—tankards, pitchers, teapots, tureens, snuffboxes, spoons, sugar baskets, and candlesticks. At the exhibition of American silverware displayed in 1906 at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, sixty pieces were shown. He did especially well in work involving crests, armorial designs, and cartouches enclosing initials; but all his silver is distinguished by grace of line and exquisite proportion.

With a versatility not uncommon among colonial craftsmen, Revere ventured into other fields besides silver. At one period he made artificial teeth; indeed the body of General Warren was recognized after Bunker Hill because of a tooth which Revere had set for him and could positively identify. He manufactured picture frames for the artist, John Singleton Copley. As an engraver, he was mainly self-taught, but he improved greatly with practice. He designed and made

bookplates for many of the wealthier Boston families. Some picturesque caricatures of political events were engraved in his shop, the most famous being the rather crude copper plate representation of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770.

During the second campaign against Crown Point in 1756, Revere had some military experience and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In the strenuous days before the Revolution he was an active and uncompromising patriot, the friend of Hancock, Warren, Otis, and the two Adamses, and one of the "Sons of Liberty." In the Boston Tea Party of December 16, 1773, he took a leading part. The tale of his dramatic ride to Lexington and Concord has, of course, been moulded by Longfellow into part of our American tradition, and it is doubtless for that exploit that he is chiefly remembered to-day. It is not so well known, perhaps, that he was the messenger usually employed on difficult and dangerous business by the Committee of Safety, and that he rode twice to New York and Philadelphia in 1774 to secure the coöperation of the other colonies.

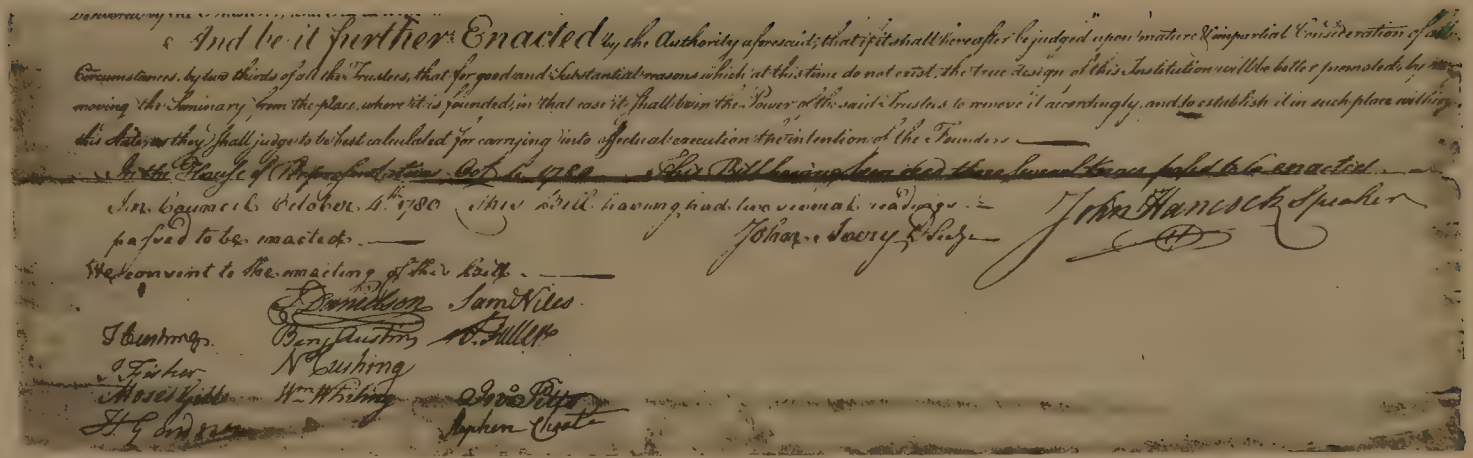
In the early months of the war, Revere experimented with the making of gunpowder and took charge, in May, 1776, of the important powder-mill in Canton, Massachusetts. In April of the same year he was promoted to be a Major in the First Regiment of Militia, and in November he was transferred to the artillery regiment, as Lieutenant-Colonel. For the next few years he was on active duty, particularly at Castle William in Boston Harbor, where he had command of

the garrison. Sent on the ill-fated Penobscot Expedition in 1779, he was, on his return, made the subject of a military inquiry. After repeatedly demanding an investigation, he was at last completely vindicated on February 19, 1782, just before he made the Seal of Phillips Academy.

While battles were being waged, Revere virtually abandoned his business, but, with the termination of hostilities, he took it up again with renewed vigor. In 1783, he opened a jewelry shop on Essex Street, in Boston. At the same time he was occupied with researches, as a consequence of which he was the first man on this side of the Atlantic to smelt copper ore. His factory, at first very small, was gradually enlarged until he was casting bells in his own foundry, rolling copper in his own mills, and even forging bronze cannon. He furnished six thousand square feet of metal for recoppering the State House dome, and he made the bolts, spikes, pumps, and other metal parts for the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides." Before the century ended, he was the proprietor of a flourishing enterprise, with every possible facility for handling metals.

In 1757, Revere married Sarah Orne, by whom he had eight children. After her death in 1773, he soon took another wife, Rachael Walker, who bore him eight more children. Only one child by his first wife and four by his second survived him.

To the very close of his long career Paul Revere was occupied with public affairs. He strongly advocated in 1788 the adoption of the new United States Constitution, and his influence was decisive in bringing about a



The closing lines of the Act of Incorporation of Phillips Academy, showing John Hancock's signature.

favorable vote in Massachusetts. He was an active member of the Masonic Order, being Grand Master from 1794 to 1797, in this capacity laying the corner-stone of the State House in 1795. When he died, May 10, 1818, having outlived most of his contemporaries, he was laid to rest in the "Granary Burying Ground," on Tremont Street, where his body lies near those of John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and other Revolutionary patriots.

While Paul Revere did not achieve the political honors which rewarded such personages as John Hancock and John Adams, he was, nevertheless, one of the notable figures of his time. A big virile man, he had abundant energy which was joined with the ambition of the creative artist. His untiring enthusiasm led him to take up many projects, and he seldom failed to carry through creditably whatever he started to do. We have good reason to congratulate ourselves on the connection between Phillips Academy and Paul Revere.

CHARLES BULFINCH

1763-1844

A wonder in these days, my friend,—
An artist I have known,
Who never slandered others' works,
Nor ever praised his own.

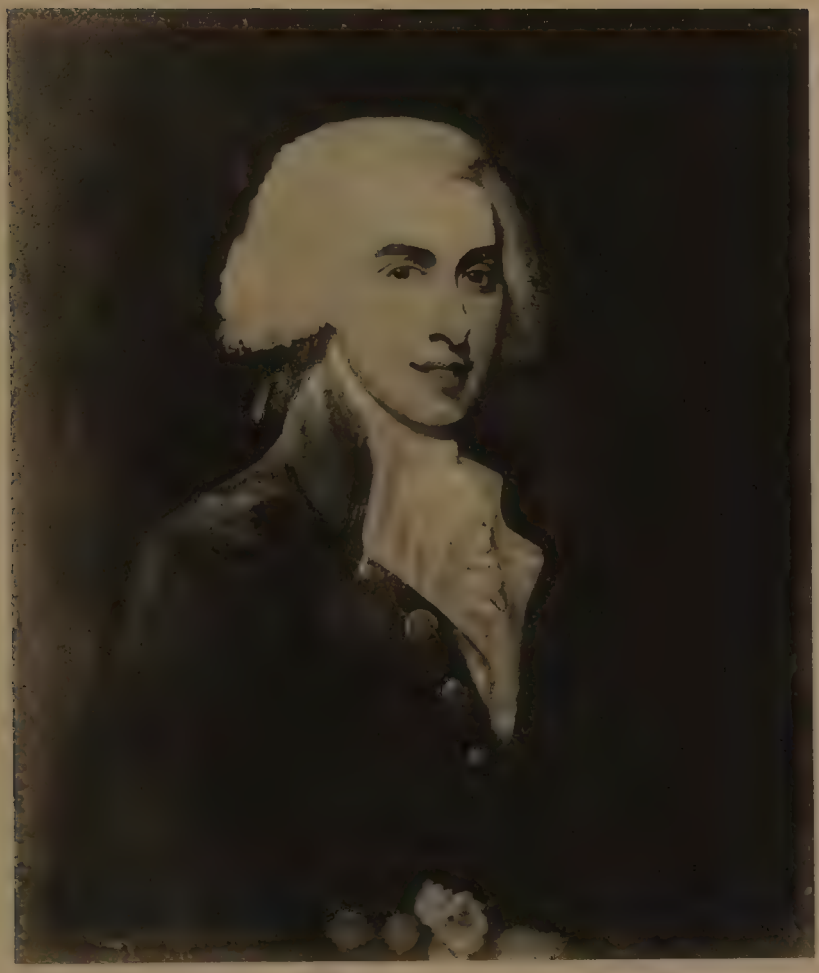
AT least two of the buildings now occupied by Phillips Academy, Andover, were designed by Charles Bulfinch, the earliest of our native New England professional architects. Although Bulfinch served no formal apprenticeship in drafting, he was endowed with the good taste, the technical skill, and the imagination which are requisite in any creative artist, and he had the intelligence to learn from the past. A year and a half spent in Europe—his only visit abroad during a long life—brought him in contact with the Renaissance architecture of France, Italy, and England, and he returned to his own country as a pioneer in that field, being long almost without a competitor. It was his destiny to represent in brick and stone the restrained and dignified ideals of his generation, and, as the architect of the Massachusetts State House and of the Capitol at Washington, he is identified with both Commonwealth and Nation in an enduring way. A memorial on Beacon Hill describes him as "A grave, modest, just, and cheerful man, of simple habits, clear intelligence,

high principles, and gentle judgment." What finer epitaph could anyone desire?

Bulfinch's career, although not precisely melodramatic, was marked by strange vicissitudes. Accustomed during his youth to luxury, he was in his middle age constrained to spend a month in jail for debt. A fastidious and idealistic artist, he was also for many years Chairman of the Board of Selectmen in the Town of Boston, and even served as Superintendent of Police on a salary of $600 a year. Drifting into architecture gradually as a relief from idleness, he later adopted it seriously as an occupation. Born in Boston and habituated to its atmosphere, he became for a considerable period a resident of Washington, the present charm of which he helped to create. Finally, genius though he was, he spent the last years of his life waiting for commissions which never seemed to come.

Bulfinch, as we have indicated, belonged by right to the inner circle of Boston society. His father, the well-known physician, Dr. Thomas Bulfinch, was long remembered for his magnetic personality and for the easy elegance in which he rode in a chariot from patient to patient. His mother was Susan Apthorp, one of the eighteen children of Charles Apthorp, "the richest man in Boston," and a woman who possessed intellectual powers of uncommon vigor. It was Mr. Apthorp who contributed most of the money for King's Chapel, and the Bulfinches also were intimately connected with that church—indeed Dr. Bulfinch was long its Senior Warden.

Charles Bulfinch was born, August 8, 1763, in the



Charles Bulfinch

Bulfinch mansion on Bowdoin Square, a district not to-day accepted as aristocratic. He was one of eight children, five of whom grew to maturity. As a lad, he played in the very midst of pre-Revolutionary excitement. He must have heard his parents at the breakfast-table talking about the "massacre" of Brattle Street and the Tea Party and the blockade of the port; and he watched the progress of Bunker Hill battle from the roof of the family dwelling-house. These momentous events, however, did not limit or retard his education. After completing the course at Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard in 1778, graduating three years later as a member of a small war class of twenty-seven. Being then only eighteen, he was much too young to shoulder a gun and help defeat the British at Yorktown. He was poring over textbooks and attending lectures while others, more mature in age, were achieving our national independence.

Dr. Bulfinch, who was evidently perplexed regarding the future of his gifted son, placed him in the counting-room of Joseph Barrell, Esq.: but in those post-war days commerce was slack, and the young Harvard man spent his many leisure hours in sketching. And then, by a stroke of good fortune, an uncle died at just the right moment, leaving a small legacy of two hundred pounds, which Charles's parents determined to use in sending their son abroad. So to Europe he set out in June, 1785, and did not return until January, 1787, after having looked around, not without profit to himself. "I was delighted," he said, "in observing the numerous objects & beauties of nature & art that I

met with on all sides, particularly the wonders of Architecture, & the kindred arts of painting and sculpture." There is a legend that the first glimpse of St. Peter's moved him to tears. Certainly he made careful studies of some of the acknowledged masterpieces of the Renaissance, thus acquiring a sound standard of judgment which was to be useful to him at a later period.

Bulfinch returned to Boston quite prepared to settle down among his friends. On November 20, 1788, he was married to his cousin, Hannah Apthorp, whom he had long known—a girl of cheerful and animated disposition, an orphan, with considerable property. They began housekeeping, after a trip to New York and Philadelphia to attend the inauguration of President Washington, in a home of their own on Marlborough Street, as the section of the present Washington Street between School and Summer streets was then called. It seemed as if the young couple, with an ample income, similar tastes, and pleasant surroundings, were certain of a happy future.

In an experimental way, Bulfinch was trying his hand at designing. He wrote, "On my return to Boston, I was warmly received by my friends, and passed a season of leisure, pursuing no business but giving gratuitous advice in architecture, and looking forward to an establishment in life." With commendable ambition, he drew, as early as 1787, a plan for a new Massachusetts State House, but it was not carried out for some years. The first drawing of his to be actually executed was apparently that of the Hollis Street Church,

erected in 1788 and no longer standing. A year later he was responsible for the Beacon Hill Memorial Column, originally built of brick covered with stucco, but reproduced in stone in 1898, to the east of the State House. Bulfinch also planned churches in Taunton and Pittsfield, as well as the Connecticut State House, at Hartford, completed in 1796 and recently restored. This last structure, the first public edifice erected from his plans, shows admirable proportions and many attractive details, especially in some of the interior ornamentation.

In 1795, the Bulfinches must have seemed to any outsider prosperous and happy. Mrs. Bulfinch wrote on July 12, of that year: "Affluence and content are ours, virtue and innocence the aim of our lives . . . The world has nothing more to give, and we must own with humility these are above our deserts." Yet within a few short months their financial circumstances had completely changed, through no fault of their own. It seems that Bulfinch had enthusiastically taken up a project for constructing a series of connected dwellings on Franklin Place, arranged in a peculiar fashion like similar groups in London, with a crescent on one side of a park and a straight line front on the other. The curve on the south side may still be seen on Franklin Street, near Hawley Street, in Boston, although the original residences have long since been displaced by office buildings and the entrance is preserved only in the name of Arch Street. Doubtless Bulfinch's plan was somewhat visionary and not altogether practical; but he had his own funds to invest, and he succeeded

in interesting others in the scheme. Unfortunately, just as the operations were at their height, the financial situation, following the war between England and France and the much criticized Jay Treaty of November, 1794, was in an unsettled state. Only half the shares could be disposed of, and Bulfinch, pressed mercilessly by his creditors, had to be adjudged a bankrupt. He described the consequences as follows:

My inexperience and that of my agents in conducting business of this nature, together with my earnest desire to discharge all demands as far as possible, led me to surrender all my property, even that obtained by marriage, which was intended to be secured to my wife and her heirs but from a defect in the form of settlement this property was included with the rest, and I found myself reduced to my personal exertions for my support.

The immediate outcome was that the Bulfinches had to give up their attractive home and their servants and go to live, first in a small house of their own, and then with the Storer family, Mrs. Storer being Bulfinch's sister. When the strain was at its severest, their two infant sons died, from "the fatal effects of inoculation," leaving them with only a little girl—Susan, their first-born. At twenty-five Mrs. Bulfinch could speak of herself as one "who has known the extremes of happiness and misfortune, and who wishes to preserve her mind in such a state that it may never be surpriz'd by either." Throughout the ordeal the couple displayed the noblest kind of fortitude, and Mrs. Bul-

finch wrote in September, 1796, when it seemed as if everything were lost, "Let me rejoice that we have health, friends, and a good conscience."

Even in this period of almost complete ruin, life offered some compensations. In February, 1795, when Bulfinch's plan for the Massachusetts State House had been officially approved, he was appointed one of the three agents for its erection, at a salary of $1800. On Independence Day of that year, the cornerstone was laid by Governor Samuel Adams, assisted by Paul Revere; and in January, 1798, when the halls were ready for occupancy by the General Court, Bulfinch marched as a conspicuous figure in the colorful procession from the old State House to the new capitol on Beacon Hill. Since that date the building has been altered and enlarged, especially by the addition of the two brick wings and the unattractive annex at the rear; but the original front has been carefully preserved, and it is still one of the most impressive public buildings in this country, producing, as it does, the effect of dignity combined with grace and charm. It has been accurately said that Bulfinch made noble use of a noble site. A well-known British architect wrote of it, "Through it we can trace the artistic pedigree of Bulfinch to the great line of Gibbs, Wren, and Jones." It has been plausibly suggested by Mr. Charles A. Place, Bulfinch's most recent biographer, that the architect may have found a model in Somerset House, in London, the façade of which is strikingly similar to the State House. But Bulfinch was no mere imitator, and there is sufficient originality in his designing to entitle him

to high praise. It is much to his credit, and decidedly fortunate for the city and the Commonwealth, that he instinctively turned to simple models. It is, everything considered, the best building Bulfinch ever constructed.

It was his connection with the State House which established Bulfinch's reputation as a professional architect and enabled him thus to earn a modest livelihood during the next few years—a period in which he designed some of the most beautiful buildings in New England. In 1803, he completed Holy Cross Church, the first Roman Catholic place of worship in Boston; and a year later he finished the New North Church, originally Protestant but now St. Stephen's Catholic Church and the only religious edifice planned by Bulfinch standing to-day in that city. In 1805, he carried out an enlargement of Faneuil Hall, preserving skilfully the original exterior style of that historic structure. University Hall (1813), at Harvard, of Chelmsford granite, is one of the best specimens of Bulfinch's art, although the design was somewhat modified in 1842. The Massachusetts General Hospital (1818) was virtually the last important building designed by Bulfinch for his native city—indeed he called it "my last act for Boston." It should be added that the Federal Street Church (1809), no longer standing, was his first and only attempt at ecclesiastical Gothic.

The wanderer about Boston with an interest in Bulfinch's domestic architecture will find much to attract his eye, particularly in the vicinity of Beacon Hill. Bulfinch himself did not record any of his houses, and it is, therefore, difficult to verify some of the traditions

which ascribe particular pieces of work to him. It is certain, however, that, early in his career, he built houses for Joseph Barrell, his first employer, and for General Henry Knox. The Fay House, now the Administration Center of Radcliffe College, is unusually interesting because of its two bays and its oval rooms in the interior. The first Harrison Gray Otis House, at the corner of Cambridge and Lynde streets, has been carefully maintained in all its charm by the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. The second Otis House (85 Mount Vernon Street) and the third Otis House (45 Beacon Street) are also excellent examples of Bulfinch's style. The building at 4 Park Street, formerly occupied by Houghton Mifflin Company, is the only one remaining of four connected residences unquestionably designed by Bulfinch in 1805. Other interesting specimens of his work may be found at 55, 57, and 87 Mount Vernon Street, and at 13, 15, and 17 Chestnut Street. Only a small number of these distinctive houses can be mentioned here. Many others have disappeared in the natural devastation of time.

During this fruitful period, when Bulfinch was doing so much for the architecture of Boston, he was also the city's faithful servant in another less romantic field. Elected to the Board of Selectmen in 1793 and 1794, he declined a reëlection on the ground of "pressure of business." On March 11, 1799, however, he was again chosen, and acted subsequently as Chairman of the Board for nearly nineteen years, during an important era of development. Although the population at

the end of the eighteenth century was more than 20,000, Boston was still under the town-meeting system of government. As Chairman of the Board, Bulfinch occupied a position equivalent to that of Mayor, and he managed affairs so efficiently that he is known even today as the "Great Selectman." The members of the Board received no remuneration, but shortly after Bulfinch's election as Chairman, they created the office of Superintendent of Police, with a salary of $600, and then proceeded to name Bulfinch as its incumbent. This stipend was increased in 1810 to $1000—not an extravagant sum considering that Bulfinch's professional counsel as an architect was being constantly required and that the population had meanwhile grown to be 34,000.

During Bulfinch's administration much of modern Boston had its origin. A large part of the unsightly and unsanitary Mill Pond was filled in, chiefly with earth removed from the peak of Beacon Hill, and the new level area thus formed was turned into thoroughfares. Charles Street was "laid out and filled over a marsh"; all traveled ways were provided with sidewalks; many streets were widened and protruding buildings were removed. The harassed Chairman had to attend to countless petty details, and the list of his achievements, as drawn up hurriedly in his old age, is astounding. His labors for the community were rudely interrupted in July, 1811, by his imprisonment in jail for a month because of failure to meet certain notes—the total aggregating $9000. Bulfinch seems always to have been a careless business man, and he involved himself in fi-

nancial difficulties almost without being aware of his precarious condition. His incarceration was evidently not viewed as a disgrace, for he continued, after his release, to hold the office of Selectman until he moved to Washington. In 1815, by some accident, he and two others of the Board failed of reëlection. Immediately every one of his colleagues on the Board resigned, with the result that, at a second election, Bulfinch was reinstated by a large majority. His associates, those who knew him and his work best, had complete confidence in him and his ability.

Meanwhile Bulfinch's family of a daughter and six sons were getting older, and he found their education very expensive. There were moments when he was embarrassed for lack of ready cash, and his much-enduring wife had to take boarders. He wrote: "Various disappointments in life have contracted our circle of acquaintance and made us very dependent on our family for enjoyments." A severe accident which he suffered from slipping down the icy steps of Faneuil Hall troubled him for some years and left him with a permanent limp. On the whole, however, he was happy in his situation, and his transfer to Washington interrupted what had been a quiet and busy life.

In January, 1817, on a tour for the investigation of hospitals in other cities, Bulfinch visited Washington, where he was taken to the ruins of the Capitol, which had been burned by the British invaders in 1814. In July, when President Monroe came to Boston, Bulfinch, as Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, was

for a week almost constantly in his company. Towards the close of the same year, Bulfinch received an intimation, through a gentleman in the confidence of the President, that the architect Latrobe was about to be displaced and that an application for his position would be approved. Bulfinch acted accordingly and was awarded the appointment by return mail, beginning December 11, 1817, his salary to be $2500 a year and the expense of moving to Washington. He promptly resigned as Selectman and was located on the Potomac early in January. There he was assigned an office in the Capitol itself, and took a house for his family on Capitol Hill, where he was to remain for the next twelve years.

The original architect of the Capitol had been an English jack-of-all-trades named William Thornton, "full of talent and eccentricity," who had won a prize of $500 offered to the winner of a competition for the best drawing. Although Thornton was merely a versatile amateur, his plans were accepted, and the cornerstone of the building was laid on September 18, 1793, by President Washington. In 1803, when Latrobe, a man of cleverness and good taste, took charge of the work, he made some alterations in the plans, but his progress was stopped by the conflagration of 1814. It was Bulfinch's task to complete the wings and to construct the central portion, using Latrobe's designs as a basis. Recognizing Latrobe's ability, he nevertheless wrote, after a study of the specifications, "There are certainly faults enough in Latrobe's designs to

Bulfinch Hall

Designed by Charles Bulfinch and built in 1818.

justify the opposition to him." Through Bulfinch's energy, the wings were ready by December, 1819, and three years later the exterior was almost completed. Bulfinch himself would have preferred a lower dome than the one which was eventually constructed, but he was overruled by a decision of the President's Cabinet and the Commissioner of Public Buildings. The distinction of constructing our National Capitol cannot truthfully be assigned to any one person. The structure is rather a composite, representing the ideas of several amateurs and experts. Bulfinch's contribution, however, has rightly been called "the nucleus and center of the whole," and the Western Portico, perhaps the most beautiful feature of the building, is entirely his.

After the main task was over, Bulfinch was employed for a time on landscape work around the Capitol. His position was abolished by Act of Congress on May 2, 1828, but he continued to serve in various unofficial capacities until June, 1830, when he returned with his family to Boston.

In discussing other matters, we have passed over Bulfinch's connections with Andover Hill. The Records of the Trustees tell us nothing regarding the architects of the older buildings now belonging to Phillips Academy. Foxcroft Hall, the earliest of the brick dormitories in the old Seminary Row, was erected by Madame Phoebe Foxcroft Phillips and her son, John Phillips, Esq., and tendered to the Trustees completed on September 27, 1809; and I can find no mention whatever of its architect. There is a tradition that it was

modeled closely after one of the dormitories at Brown and that Colonel John Phillips visited Providence on a tour of inspection. It was common enough in those days for a contractor to prepare his own designs, but even the name of the builder has disappeared with the passage of time. The Newman House (1811), the Stuart House (1812), the Farrar House (1812), and the Pease House (1816) are all attractive residences, colonial in type and often showing much beauty of ornamentation, but there is nothing to link them with Bulfinch. There is the fact, also, that all of Bulfinch's known examples of domestic architecture are of brick, not of wood.

In 1817, the benevolent William Bartlet, having watched with interest the development of the Seminary, resolved to provide that institution with a suitable Chapel. It is uncertain just how he secured Bulfinch as the architect—possibly through the intervention of His Honor, William Phillips, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts from 1812 to 1823, who had been a Trustee of Phillips Academy since 1791, and who was a friend of Bulfinch, as well as one of his political associates. Nothing can be discovered of the way in which the negotiations were begun; but the building is included in a list made out by Bulfinch himself, where it is designated as "Chapel and Library for Theological Institution." As completed in 1818 and transferred to the Trustees by the donor, it was made of brick, containing a chapel at one end and a library at the other, with recitation rooms above. The total cost was apparently $23,374.

It was this building which was known for more than ninety years as Bartlet Chapel and used by Andover Theological Seminary. In the '70's some ill-advised persons altered it by adding a preposterous clock tower, thus destroying the effect of the Bulfinch façade. In 1908, when the Seminary was moved to Cambridge, the building was purchased by Phillips Academy, rechristened Pearson Hall, to distinguish it from Bartlet Hall (then in use as a dormitory), and divided into recitation rooms. In 1924, it was shifted from its commanding location to a new site to the southeast; the inappropriate tower was taken down and the beautiful Bulfinch lines were restored just as far as that could possibly be done; and it stands to-day much as it was originally constructed, although the interior has been completely changed—not altogether for the better.

It has always been a tradition that Bulfinch also designed the third Academy Building, now in use as the Dining Hall, and the general similarity of this structure to Pearson Hall confirms this theory. The Trustees voted, on March 16, 1818, in consideration of the sum of $2000 contributed by Lieutenant-Governor Phillips, to proceed with the construction of a new Academy Building to replace the wooden schoolhouse which had been consumed by fire on the night of January 30. It was a moment when workmen and contractors were busy with Bartlet Chapel, and it was perfectly natural that the Trustees, especially since Lieutenant-Governor Phillips was active among them, should turn to Bulfinch—then located in Washington—and ask him

to plan another brick building on the same general lines as Bartlet Chapel and facing the same direction. Additional evidence is supplied by the Academy Day Book, which has an entry on April 10, 1819: "Paid Charles Bulfinch for Hardware, $23.18. Paid Charles Bulfinch for Hinges, $1." It is inconceivable that money for these articles should have been paid to Bulfinch at this date if he had not been the Academy architect.

Work continued on the Brick Academy during the summer of 1818, Mr. Phillips having added in August a further $3000 to his original donation. The total cost, when it was completed in 1819, was $13,252.73. It is interesting to note that the dimensions of the ground plans of the two buildings are almost the same, Pearson Hall being 88 feet, 3 inches, by 40 feet, 2 inches, and the Dining Hall 80 feet by 40 feet. According to Mr. Charles A. Place, the Dining Hall has several typical Bulfinch features, notably the pediment on the slightly projecting middle elevation and the beautifully proportioned cupola. The interior, because of alterations for various purposes, shows now little trace of the original plan.

It may be added that these two halls were designed at the period when Bulfinch had reached the height of his achievement, having just completed the beautiful church at Lancaster, Massachusetts, which represents, in Mr. Place's opinion, "the highest development of this style of architecture in America."

We must now return to the architect himself, who, on his arrival in Boston after twelve years of absence,

Pearson Hall

Designed by Charles Bulfinch and built in 1818 for Andover Theological Seminary. The building was originally known as Bartlet Chapel.

found no professional engagements awaiting him except the completion of the State House at Augusta, Maine. He settled down, therefore, to a life of enforced leisure. One winter he and his wife spent in Washington with their son, Greenleaf; and then the aging couple were invited by their nieces to make a home with them in the old house in Bowdoin Square, where Bulfinch had been born. Here, in this charming spot, they spent their last years. Mrs. Bulfinch died in 1841, and her husband passed away, April 15, 1844, in the very room which had seen his birth eighty-one years before. A poem, written by one of his sons, describes him as he was in his old age:

> Now at eventide
> Thou standest, thy children's reverence and pride,
> Still gathering round, though tenderer ties be torn.
> Calm be these evening hours, and blest the morn
> Uniting those whom Death can nevermore divide.

Bulfinch's funeral, held in King's Chapel, was attended by a representative group of Boston's foremost citizens. He was later buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, the monument over his grave being the stone urn which had once been an important feature of the project at Franklin Place which had brought about his financial downfall. It was a pathetically ironical way of commemorating the great architect.

Bulfinch was a slender, upright figure, with a slight halt in his gait occasioned by his injured leg. His face was refined and sensitive, and he had about him a

quiet, unassuming dignity. It has been said of him that "he was an aristocrat in a sense that is good even in a republic." Possessing remarkable patience and serenity of temper, he seldom yielded to irritation, and he was invariably modest in expressing his views. Even when confronted by irreparable disaster, he preserved his self-respect:

> Lord of himself, though not of lands,
> And having nothing, yet had all.

There will always be futile speculation as to the sources from which our first native-born architect derived his inspiration. That he owned and studied the best existing volumes on the subject of architecture is unquestionable. Undoubtedly, too, he was in some degree affected by Sir Christopher Wren as well as by James Gibbs. But he was no slavish follower of others. With strong convictions of his own, he modified his designs to fit new situations, as every good artist should do. No man without freshness of spirit and decided originality could have done what he accomplished. He was free from any tendency towards excess or affectation, and he knew, as if by instinct, what would be appropriate. Certainly at Andover he adjusted his buildings perfectly to their environment, with the result that they still are a delight to the eye because of their simplicity, their propriety, their admirable proportions, and their distinctive charm.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

And the Hymn "America"

Here lies who hymned America; to sing or preach,
Dante's suggestive words our question's tribute teach,
Where was "a better smith of the maternal speech"?

THROUGH the generosity of one of Phillips Academy's loyal friends, the Trustees have recently acquired by purchase the chair in which the Reverend Samuel Francis Smith sat when he wrote the words of the famous hymn "America." There is no good citizen of Andover who does not take pride in pointing out to visitors the old square colonial house at 147 Main Street in which, in the year 1832, the lines of "My country, 'tis of thee" were first set down. It is, however, one of life's little ironies that, while the hymn is one which every schoolboy knows by heart, the author himself, "disguised under the universal name of Smith," is almost forgotten. In 1895, General Henry B. Carrington edited a volume of Dr. Smith's verses, called *Poems of Home and Country*, but it created no sensation in the literary world. A few hymns like "The morning light is breaking" and "Blest be the tie that binds" are frequently sung. But it is "America" alone which preserves this poet's memory from oblivion.

Samuel Francis Smith was born on October 21, 1808, in Boston, "under the sound of the Old North

Church chimes." He later said, in a reminiscent mood:

A strong poetical bias took hold of me when I was a boy of eight years. An "Elegy on a Cat," then written, disappeared long since, as well as the cat.

He was sent to the Eliot School and the Boston Latin School, and from there to Harvard, where he was a member, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, and others, of the distinguished class of 1829. Coming to Andover in the autumn after his graduation, he spent three years at Andover Theological Seminary, taking his degree in divinity in 1832. One selection in his published works is called "Our years roll on," composed on New Year's Day, 1832, while he was a student in the Seminary. A few lines will show its quality:

Youths of few summers,—boys, still dolts at school,
Leaping the rigors of parental rule,—
Deem all control a bore, and vote it harsh;
Ape foreign style, and sport the curled moustache;
Plunge with a zest, in nonsense and in sin,—
Hair-oil without, and hair-brained skulls within:
The pomp external, affluently shed,
Proclaims they have within an empty head.
How eloquently weakness tells its tale!
Like ships that tower aloft, with wind in every sail.

Those were days when, in spite of the influence of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, the spirit of Alexander Pope dominated American poetry, and these lines, even to the final alexandrinè, are typically eighteenth century.

We come now to the story of "America," the main details of which have been accurately given by the author himself. In the winter of 1832 he was living in the residence on Main Street now owned by Phillips Academy and occupied by Mrs. Arthur Allen, but formerly known for many years as the Blunt House. It was a cold and gloomy day in February,—the exact date unknown. Young Smith, then only twenty-four years old, was looking through some music books, brought from Germany by William C. Woodbridge and given by him to the composer, Lowell Mason, who in turn had placed them in Smith's hands, asking him to translate anything he cared for or to write original words to any of the music which he liked. The next step was described by Smith himself:

Falling in with the tune of one of them now called "America," and being pleased with its simple and easy movement, I glanced at the German words, and, seeing that they were patriotic, instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of my own, to the same tune. Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I put upon it, within half an hour, the verses substantially as they stand to-day.

The chair now in the possession of Phillips Academy is, according to Dr. Smith's own evidence, the one in which he sat as he wrote off the words. The air is ordinarily attributed to Henry Carey, author of "Sally in Our Alley," who is said to have composed it in 1742, but it may go back to an earlier period. In 1815, it was the national anthem for England, Prussia, and Russia.

The Seminary Senior sent in a few weeks to Mr. Mason a few translations and original poems, with "America" thrown indifferently among them. Much to his amazement, he found later that Mason had incorporated it in a program for the Independence Day Celebration, July 4, 1832, at the Park Street Church, in Boston. It was here, so far as can be ascertained, sung for the first time. Something about it caught the attention of the public, and it spread rapidly throughout the country. In his autobiography, Dr. Smith said of it:

When it was composed, I was profoundly impressed with the necessary relation between love of God and love of country; and I rejoice if the expression of my own sentiments and convictions still finds an answering chord in the hearts of my countrymen.

Those who knew him well, however, realized that he considered "America" to be an "accidental hit," and that he was sometimes a little disturbed at its popularity as compared with several of his later hymns, which he thought to be much superior. From the strictly poetical point of view, this may be a fact; but "America" is so bound up now with our devotion to country that it must, to true patriots, seem above criticism.

For a year after leaving Andover, Smith did editorial work for religious papers in Boston; but on February 12, 1834, he was ordained as pastor of a Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine. Here he not only preached but also was elected Professor of Modern Languages at Colby College. On September 16, he

The house on Main Street in which Samuel F. Smith wrote "America."

married Mary White Smith, of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who had been a schoolmate of Whittier.

At Colby, Dr. Smith became a profound student of comparative philology, and it is said that he mastered perfectly fifteen languages. Besides teaching French and German, he also took charge of all the Greek instruction in the college, there being a vacancy in that department. He had time to read through every word of *Marshman's Chinese Grammar*—"a vast quarto, nearly as large as a family Bible." For the *Encyclopaedia Americana* he made translations from the German aggregating more than a thousand pages. In his own field he is said to have been the equal in scholarly attainment of any American of his generation.

In 1842, Dr. Smith, desirous of being nearer Boston and its libraries, moved to Newton, Massachusetts, as pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton Center and editor of the *Christian Review*. Twelve years later, in 1854, he resigned his pastorate in order to become Editorial Secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, a position for which he was admirably equipped. During 1875 and 1880 he was abroad for considerable periods. His leisure hours were spent, not only in hymn writing, but also in the compilation of a ponderous *History of Newton*, covering nearly one thousand pages.

As he grew older, Dr. Smith became, like Holmes, a kind of established Boston institution. At the dinners of the class of 1829, these two men were prominent figures, and it was at one such anniversary that Holmes wrote of his classmate, in *The Boys:*

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,—
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal,—"My Country," "of thee."

Dr. Smith himself had a vein of quiet humor which was shown on such occasions, and frequently displayed itself in reunion poems, only a little inferior to those of Holmes.

Dr. Holmes died in October, 1894, and Dr. Smith survived him only a few months, dying in 1895, at the age of eighty-seven. In his last years he still retained his physical vitality and intellectual vigor. Even his memory did not fail, and he kept the full possession of his faculties to the end. His home at Newton Center had become a place of literary pilgrimage, filled with relics of his travels. There he was accustomed to welcome his friends—a kindly old gentleman, with a homely countenance, fringed with whiskers like a Cape Cod fisherman—the embodiment of benignity and graciousness. Around him had grown up a family of six children—two girls and four boys—the youngest of whom, Edwin U. Smith, is the only one still living.

The chair, meanwhile, had traveled to Waterville, Maine, and from there back to Newton Center, where it had a conspicuous place in the Smith library. When the home was broken up at Dr. Smith's death, it was taken by one of the family to California. Now it has returned across the continent to find, we trust, a permanent resting place in the town where the famous hymn was written.

JOSIAH QUINCY

1772-1864

WHEN Josiah Quincy was only three years old, his mother, much impressed by a suggestion of the bachelor philosopher, John Locke, began carrying him every morning, in January as well as in July, from his warm trundle-bed to a cellar kitchen, where she immersed him three times in a tub of water fresh from the pump. As a consequence of this heroic practice—which has some resemblance to the treatment accorded Achilles by his goddess parent, Thetis—Quincy acquired an invulnerability to sudden physical changes which helped to prolong his life well beyond his ninetieth year. The process of hardening the body seems also to have toughened the mind; at any rate, the political career of this Federalist statesman was a series of shocks, which, however, he endured with fortitude and never tried to evade. His mental and spiritual equanimity was not easily disturbed, and he smiled as readily under denunciation as under flattery.

The mother who was responsible for this Spartan handling of her offspring was a certain Abigail, daughter of William Phillips, of Boston, and therefore a niece of Esquire Samuel Phillips, of Andover, and Dr. John Phillips, of Exeter, the two men whose money founded Phillips Academy. The boy's father was that enlightened character, Josiah Quincy, Junior, usually

styled "the patriot," who, after graduating from Harvard in 1763, became one of those most active in resistance to British authority. His innate sense of justice is indicated by the fact that he served with John Adams as counsel for Captain John Preston, the English officer who was said to have given the command for the Boston Massacre in 1770, and that he succeeded in getting a verdict of acquittal for his client. Overwork in the cause of liberty having broken down his health, he died on his return from a confidential mission to England, at the early age of thirty-one. To his only son, who was born February 4, 1772, he left in his will a portion of his library, with this inspiring invocation—"May the spirit of liberty rest upon him!"

The child of such a father had a noble inheritance of character, which was fostered by his mother's care and diligence. She read to the boy the stately numbers of Milton and Pope; she brought him up in the principles of patriotism; and she bade him bow the knee to none but God.

Under all this discipline, he remained something of a schoolboy still. After his father's death, he and his mother went to live with his grandfather, the retired merchant, William Phillips, who was stern and irritable, almost reaching ferocity when the child ran heavily down the stairs or accidentally put a stone through the library window. Fortunately for everybody concerned, Phillips Academy, in the spring of 1778, opened its doors. Here was a delightful double opportunity for the gouty merchant: a chance to encourage this new family project, and incidentally to

Josiah Quincy

rid himself of that incorrigible nuisance, his grandson. Accordingly, he sent the little fellow off by stagecoach to Andover, where, at the age of six, he took his seat on a hard wooden bench in the renovated carpenter's shop which then served as a schoolroom. By his side, we are told, was a pupil nearly thirty years old, who had been a surgeon in the Continental Army. Other members of the Phillips family were there also: John Phillips, of Boston, who later preceded Quincy as Mayor of Boston, and William Phillips, Quincy's first cousin, who died in 1783 at the age of sixteen. Behind the master's desk sat that redoubtable pedagogue, Eliphalet Pearson, in whose presence no levity was tolerated:

> Deep on his front engraven
> Deliberation sat, and public care.

Josiah's mother had taken the precaution to consign him to the good graces of the Reverend Jonathan French, minister of the South Parish, in whose hospitable home the boy found refuge. He wrote of his life there:

He [Mr. French] took an interest in my progress, and occasionally assisted me in my studies. His wife was amiable and affectionate, but she had an increasing family, so that the care of the boys, my school-fellows, six or eight in number, devolved on her maiden sister, Ruth Richards by name, who took care of our rooms, saw to our clothes, and had the general care of us. . . . We slept in one large chamber, in which there were three or four beds, two boys occupying each. The

family table was sufficient, but simple, the food being of the most common kind. Beef and pork were the standing dishes, with an ample supply of vegetables. As to bread, there being little or no intercourse with the South, rye and Indian bread was our only supply, and that not always thoroughly baked.

His religious training was certainly not neglected. On Sunday, he attended morning and evening prayers in the French household; he went thrice to meeting, marching in formal procession behind the clergyman, and carrying with him always an ink-bottle and a pen with which to take down the heads and sub-topics of the sermon; and in his spare minutes he read a commentary on the Scripture or memorized a suitable moral passage. How amazed he would be to watch our present-day Andover students kicking a football on Sunday afternoon!

Nevertheless Josiah was evidently a thoroughly normal boy—for those days. He liked sports of every kind; he was fond of marbles and of rolling the hoop; yet he was subjected constantly to a discipline which he described in his later mellow years as "severe and disheartening." For four hours in the morning and four in the afternoon he was compelled to remain indoors, studying lessons which he could not understand. The preceptor, "Elephant" Pearson, was distant and haughty, reigning solely through fear. Quincy at six was put to memorizing Cheever's *Accidence*, the famous Latin Grammar of the period, and was forced to repeat parrot-like whole pages of words and inflections which he could not possibly comprehend. The cold water ducking process which had been tried on his body

was now apparently being practised on his mind—and he survived this ordeal as he had the earlier one. So far as we can ascertain, the Latin and Greek classics, with a little arithmetic and spelling, constituted the bulk of his studies. He records the fact that his repugnance for his daily tasks did not cease until be began Nepos and Virgil, when the preceptor became "as indulgent as a temperament naturally intolerant and authoritative would permit."

Somehow Quincy lasted through his eight years at Andover, during which he saw his mother only during the brief periods of vacation. In the spring of 1786, Pearson was succeeded by Ebenezer Pemberton, of whom Quincy's recollections were altogether pleasant. It was under this master's kindly auspices that the boy graduated from Phillips Academy, performed creditably in the annual Exhibition, and was recommended to Harvard College. There he won high honors, delivering the English Oration at his Commencement exercises in 1790. It is interesting to note that his roommate throughout his college course was Peter Holt, a native Andoverian, who entered Harvard at twenty-four, and later became a clergyman, settling at Epping, New Hampshire. Quincy seems to have had a predilection for grave and steady friends, older than he.

Entering upon public life just as the new nation was getting under way, Quincy soon had to take sides in the bitter controversies which arose between the partisans of Jefferson and those of Hamilton. Most of Quincy's advisers were men like the Adamses, George Cabot, Fisher Ames, and Samuel Dexter, who were in-

stinctively and incorrigibly conservatives, and therefore allied with the Federalist Party. Quincy himself had little confidence in popular wisdom, preferring what to him was the saner and safer control of the cultured and moneyed classes. He studied law for three years with William Tudor (the father of one of his schoolboy friends at Phillips Academy), was admitted to the bar in 1792, and began to practise; but his real interests were political, not legal, and he never did more—to quote his own words—than to "hang loosely on the profession." His marriage in 1797 to Miss Eliza Susan Morton enabled him to settle down in comfort as one of the "solid men of Boston."

Quincy's public career may be said to date from July 4, 1798, when he delivered the Independence Day Address in the Old South Church. It made such an impression that he was chosen by the Federalists to run for Congress in 1800; but unfortunately for his ambitions, it was the year when the Jeffersonians were at last to come into their own. The whole Federal Party went down to destruction with John Adams at their head, and Quincy's anti-Federalist opponent, Dr. William Eustis, won a victory in the very stronghold of Federalism. Once more Quincy found himself being douched in a cold bath, this time the chilly water of political defeat.

In 1804, however, he had a better fate. In the spring he was elected to the Massachusetts Senate; in the autumn he ran again for Congress and was this time successful, although Jefferson received the electoral votes of Massachusetts for President. In the national

House of Representatives he served four terms, voting regularly with his Federalist colleagues in a hopeless minority and in 1807 being made Federalist leader in the lower chamber. Quincy maintained his Federalism unstained. He described Jefferson in a private letter as "a snake in the grass, the more dangerous from the oily, wily language with which he lubricated his victims and applied his venom." He declined invitations to dine at the White House; he condemned the admission of Louisiana into the Union; he opposed the Embargo and Non-Intercourse Acts; he made a brilliant speech in favor of an adequate navy; and he brought upon himself by these tactics the full force of Democratic wrath. His arguments were called "false," "malicious," "cowardly," and "dastardly"; he himself was branded as "Nero," "Judas," and—worst charge of all—"a friend to Great Britain." To these amenities Quincy seldom made any replies. On one occasion he wrote—

> I never studied in the school of the scavengers; I never took degrees at the oyster-bench; I never sat at the feet of fishwomen. The gentlemen who resort to such weapons have all the advantage of me.

Quincy was opposed in 1812 to a conflict with Great Britain, and when Congress in June declared war upon that country, he resolved to decline another nomination. It was his conviction often expressed at that time, that the Southern, or, as he called them, the "Slave-holding states," were "omnipotent in this Union" and that their influence was not temporary but permanent, leading to a policy distinctly detrimental to the inter-

ests and principles of the "Free States." His last important speech in the House, delivered January 5, 1813, was a denunciation of our invasion of Canada as "cruel, wanton, senseless, and wicked." Thus in the prime of his life, at the age of forty-one, Quincy withdrew from an arena in which he and those who believed as he did had always been outnumbered.

For the next ten years Quincy had both peace and leisure. Respected in his community, he carried on experimental agriculture at his "Sabine farm" in Quincy, attended the sessions of the "Great and General Court" (to which he was repeatedly reëlected), was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention of 1820, and was made Speaker of the House in 1821. In 1822, when Boston was organized as a municipality, John Phillips, Quincy's relative and classmate at Phillips Academy, was chosen Mayor; and, when he retired at the end of one term, Quincy was elected as his successor. Thus the first two Mayors of Boston were graduates of Phillips Academy.

Quincy was a model municipal magistrate, and his six years of office were exceedingly prosperous. He entertained Lafayette during the Frenchman's triumphal tour of America in 1825, and was present in his official capacity at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, when Webster delivered his famous address. It has been said of Quincy as Mayor:

He gave his entire time and attention to the duties of his office, and he left the city beautified, the public improved, the fire department reformed, and all things

connected with the comfort and safety of the citizens in better condition than they had ever been before.

No man, however, can long hold public office in this country without making enemies, and in 1828 he could not secure a majority of the votes. He then retired from the contest, "with a consciousness weighed against which all *human* suffrages are but as the light dust of the balance." Within a month, in January, 1829, he was chosen as President of Harvard College to succeed Dr. John Thornton Kirkland, also a graduate of Phillips Academy. It seemed to be Quincy's destiny to follow other Andover men in the incumbency of offices of trust and honor.

For sixteen years Josiah Quincy was President of Harvard. He moved his home to Cambridge, and there, on June 2, 1829, was installed, with Governor Levi Lincoln in charge of the ceremonies. His administration was, as a whole, notably successful, and he held his office with dignity and distinction. His treatment of the undergraduates he himself humorously described as being that of "Matt" Prior towards the ladies:

> Be to their faults a little blind;
> Be to their virtues very kind;
> And clap your padlock on the mind.

At the two hundredth anniversary of Harvard in 1836 he delivered an address, which was later expanded into his two-volume *History of Harvard College* (1840), a book which has never been superseded.

When Quincy had reached the age of seventy-three he was wise enough to realize that the moment had

come for him to retire. Although he was still in excellent health he saw that it would be best for him to yield to a younger man, Edward Everett, who was then available. Accordingly on August 27, 1845, he took leave of his high position, under circumstances not unlike those attending President Eliot's resignation in the twentieth century.

For nearly a score more years Quincy lived in Boston, an honored and revered citizen. Like John Quincy Adams, he kept his mind occupied to the last, his favorite recreation being the Greek and Roman classics, especially Cicero and Horace. He completed a *History of the Boston Athenaeum* and a *Municipal History of the Town and City of Boston*, both of them scholarly and accurate. In politics, he condemned the Fugitive Slave Law, and in 1856 he supported Frémont for President. Four years later he was for Lincoln, in whom he had great confidence.

Quincy had never lost his interest in Andover, the home of his childhood days. In 1802, he was elected a Trustee of Phillips Academy and served until 1828, when he considered that his duties made it impossible for him longer to attend meetings. In 1857, his son accompanied him on a sentimental journey to his boyish haunts. He walked over the lawn at Parson French's old home, where he had spent eight years of his life; he sat on the rocks near Pomp's Pond, where he had once used to put on his skates; he inspected the many buildings which stood on the ground which had once been meadow and marsh. That night he spent at

the Mansion House (the timbers of which he had himself helped to raise), and he was planning to speak to the boys on the following morning. But at breakfast he had a sudden seizure which necessitated calling in a physician, and he could not keep his engagement. As the doctor examined his patient, he said, "I should judge, sir, that you have been exempt from acute attacks of fever during your lifetime." "You are wrong," answered the old man, "for I came near dying of a fever once, and in this very town." "Indeed," exclaimed the doctor, "I never heard of it. It must have been before I came to town." "I imagine so," answered Quincy, "it was in the year 1780!" He had been ill of scarlet fever in Andover as a schoolboy nearly eighty years before.

On December 31, 1863, Quincy made a pathetic entry in his *Diary:*

With the close of the year comes the conviction that the time has come to close this *Diary* forever. The light of the sun is withdrawing; but, blessed be Heaven, the light of the evening star reveals the hope of coming immortality.

As his days drew to a close, he felt a weariness of life and a longing for death. When finally he ceased to breathe, it was like a child's sinking into pleasant slumber. The date was July 1, 1864, and he was in his ninety-third year.

One admires in Quincy, first of all, a certain ruggedness of character which made him almost impervious to attack. So long as he was true to himself, to his phi-

losophy and his convictions, he cared naught for the praise or blame of men. His career, from beginning to end, is a consistent and logical whole, quite unlike the public lives of such weathercocks as Henry Clay or David Lloyd George. He may be conceived of as steeped in a New England tradition which governed both his thoughts and his actions. He was thoroughly unselfish, scrupulously honest both with others and with himself, and highly idealistic. Opportunism, compromise, and concession he openly despised.

He was a scholar of high rank. It was at his inauguration as President of Harvard that the Governor and the newly inducted President made for the last time their addresses to each other in Latin. For him the present and the future were intimately connected with the past, and to a considerable degree dependent on it. He was an aristocrat to the finger-tips, but, unlike many such men, he understood the principle of *noblesse oblige*. Some phases in our development as a nation he could not comprehend; with many of the new movements of his later days he was out of touch; but he kept the faith, and men respected him for it.

His wide reading gave him both a philosophic mind and a nobility of soul. In his religious beliefs he was broad and catholic, abhorring every kind of bigotry and intolerance. He leaned towards Unitarianism, but his frank opinion on such matters is best voiced in the words of one of his favorite English poets:

> For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Above all, he was a good public servant. In the college, in the Commonwealth, and in the nation he played his part well. A public office to him, as to Grover Cleveland, was invariably taken as a public trust. His was a kind of old-fashioned Roman virtue which is rarer than it should be in our generation. No one of our Andover alumni has been a better citizen than he.

JOHN PHILLIPS

1770-1823

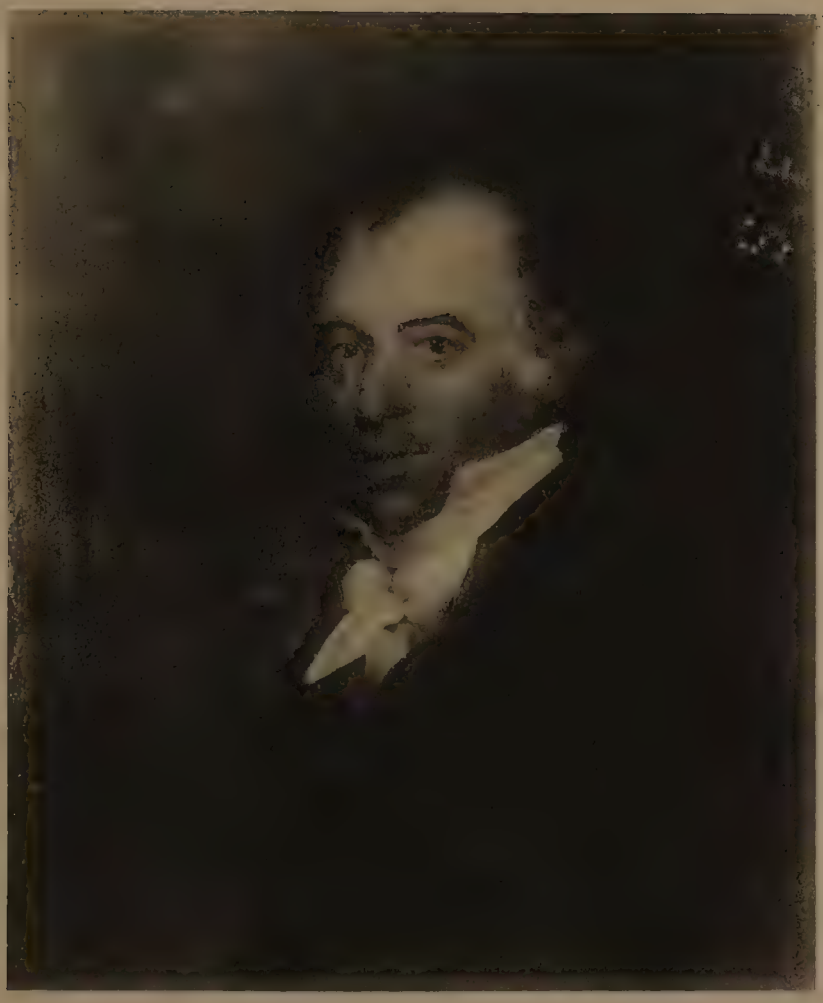
And thus he bore without reproach
The grand old name of gentleman.

IN its formative period, before railroads and automobiles had broadened its scope, Phillips Academy was naturally connected rather closely with Boston, and a considerable proportion of its students came from that town—for town it was, both in fact and name, in those far-off days. By way of reciprocity, moreover, Andover men, in their turn, had much to do with the administration and development of the Massachusetts capital. It is significant that the first two mayors of Boston—John Phillips and Josiah Quincy—were Phillips Academy graduates. Unfortunately Andover has never, since the time of their incumbency, had an alumnus in that high office. The Honorable Andrew J. Peters, Mayor of Boston from 1918 to 1922, did, it is true, marry Martha Phillips, the great-granddaughter of Mayor John Phillips, thus carrying the Phillips tradition into the City Hall; but Mr. Peters is not a graduate of Phillips Academy, and the school can claim no share in the distinction which he brought to his position.

Mayor John Phillips—who must be kept distinct from several other noteworthy gentlemen of the same name at the end of the eighteenth century—belonged

by birth and point of view to a small class now gradually becoming extinct, even on Beacon Hill—a group of aristocrats, endowed with hereditary wealth, possessing a high degree of culture and influential family ties, and living in intimate daily companionship. Blest in nearly every respect by auspicious fortune, they nevertheless recognized the force of *noblesse oblige* and gave themselves accordingly to the public service. Rather narrow, perhaps, in their outlook, they were scrupulously honest. They abhorred radicalism of every kind, especially the type of liberalism which Thomas Jefferson, the Virginian statesman, was making popular, even in New England. Like the haughty nobility of the *ancien régime* in France, they fought democracy, and eventually went down to defeat like Stoics, with incredulous smiles upon their faces.

It is essential, first of all, to review some dry genealogical facts. Samuel Phillips (1657-1722), a prosperous goldsmith of Salem, had two sons: the elder became the Reverend Samuel Phillips (1689-1771), of Andover, the progenitor of the long line of Andover Phillipses and the grandfather of Judge Samuel Phillips, Founder of Phillips Academy; the younger was John Phillips (1701-1768), who became a stationer and merchant in Boston, was a Deacon in the Brattle Street Church, and was elected Colonel of the Boston Regiment—a man of influence in his community, who was buried with military honors. His son, William Phillips (1737-1772), also a merchant, married Margaret Wendell, eleventh and youngest child of Colonel Jacob Wendell, a member of the Governor's Coun-



John O'Neill Hughes

cil and a substantial citizen. Incidentally she was a direct descendant of Governor Bradstreet. This William Phillips died, June 4, 1772, at the early age of thirty-five, leaving a two-year-old son and two daughters: Margaret, who married Judge Samuel Cooper, and Sarah, who, when she seemed likely to remain a lonely spinster, suddenly accepted the hand and heart of Mark Newman, third Principal of Phillips Academy.

This son, John Phillips, the subject of our sketch, was born, November 26, 1770, in a house on Washington Street, near Court Street, in Boston. There he was brought up by his mother, who is described as a woman "of uncommon energy of mind as well as of ardent piety." When Phillips School opened in 1778, it seems to have been felt by members of the Phillips family that it was their manifest duty, as a clan, to support the new institution, and Phillips mothers unhesitatingly sent away their offspring to Andover Hill at an age which would be regarded to-day as very tender indeed. Little John Phillips, although he was only seven, was driven by stagecoach to Andover and placed in the home of his second cousin, Judge Samuel Phillips, where he was to spend most of the next six years.

The boy found other members of the family in the school with him when it formally opened on April 30, 1778. William Phillips, a lad of eleven, was a relative of Judge Phillips, and was John Phillips's second cousin once removed. Then there was also Josiah Quincy, a youngster of six—also a second cousin once removed—who came down, like John Phil-

lips, from the Salem goldsmith. John Phillips and Josiah Quincy had in their lives some striking similarities. In each case the father died young, and the boy was trained by a widowed mother, a woman of strong personality and noble character. Quincy, who was more than a year younger, followed Phillips at Harvard, graduating two years after him. Both men studied law, settled as neighbors in Boston, and entered political life, where they were associated with each other almost daily. When Quincy's mother died in 1798, it was John Phillips whom he asked to accompany him, after the funeral, to the tomb in which she desired to rest, and who helped to lay her away reverently by the side of the husband of her girlhood. Edmund Quincy once said—"Mr. Phillips was strictly my father's contemporary and perhaps his most intimate and valued friend since boyhood." The two were so much alike in their tastes, their prejudices, and their ideals that there was always a close bond between them.

At Phillips Academy, John Phillips spent nearly seven years under the rigid discipline of Master Eliphalet Pearson, who, we may be sure, did not relax his habitual severity even for scions of the Phillips family. He was on Andover Hill through the darkest days of the Revolution, the "times that tried men's souls." Josiah Quincy used to recall that the boys had a principle that every hoop or sled should have thirteen marks on it, as evidence of the owner's patriotic sentiments—and that any article without this decoration was fair prey for confiscation. In school with Phillips,

in one class or another, were several Revolutionary soldiers, who must have had stories to relate of their experiences in battle. When Phillips graduated in the summer of 1784, however, the war was over, and his chance to win fame as a soldier had gone irrevocably.

Among those who went from Andover to Harvard with Phillips was Benjamin Abbot, later Principal of The Phillips Exeter Academy, who was then twenty-six years old and who was to become the ranking scholar of the class of 1788. Phillips himself won the honor of salutatorian. He has been commended by a eulogist for showing at Harvard "an honorable submission to authority," but, aside from this not very lavish praise, we can gather little regarding his college career, except that he was awarded a degree in the regular course. The curriculum was then built around Latin and Greek, in which Phillips's Andover training had made him proficient. The President was Dr. Joseph Willard, and, in 1786, Eliphalet Pearson, Phillips's old master at Phillips Academy, was called to Harvard as Hancock Professor of Hebrew and the Oriental Languages. The class of 1788, which was unusually small, included only twenty-eight men, and the college itself was not much larger than the preparatory school. Of his classmates, only two or three later attained distinction, but John Quincy Adams was a graduate in 1787, and Phillips knew him well.

The generosity of his mother, who had been left in affluent circumstances, gave Phillips complete freedom in his choice of an occupation—indeed made it possible

for him, if he so desired, to become a gentleman of leisure. He did, however, decide to enter the legal profession, in preparation for which he spent some time in the office of the Honorable Thomas Dawes—this being before the days of organized law schools. Once having opened an office of his own, he was married, on December 18, 1794, to a lovely girl with a musical name—Miss Sally Walley—by whom he had nine children, six sons and three daughters.

An address which Phillips delivered on Independence Day, 1794, at the celebration on Boston Common, brought him fame as an orator, and this enabled him to make his way into political life. At the establishment of the Municipal Court in 1800, he was appointed as the first Town Advocate. Four years later he was elected to the State Senate, and served in that body uninterruptedly for almost two decades, being its President from 1813 to 1823. In 1809 he was appointed a Judge of the Probate Court. Like most prosperous and well-born Bostonians of that generation, he was a Federalist, and, with Josiah Quincy, George Cabot, Harrison Gray Otis, and others of the Beacon Hill aristocracy, deplored the spread of Jeffersonian principles. In 1787, as an undergraduate, he had watched Thomas Jefferson receive a degree from Harvard College—oddly enough, on the occasion when Principal Ebenezer Pemberton, of Phillips Academy, was also thus honored, and had then openly admired the author of the Declaration of Independence. But times had changed since those days before the adoption of the Constitution. Now Jefferson was a fierce and dangerous radical, and

Phillips was his uncompromising opponent. Phillips, indeed, was a member of the inner circle of Federalists and belonged to the Federalist Central Committee, of which Harrison Gray Otis was Chairman; and, although he did not participate in the notorious Hartford Convention, he sympathized with its aims.

Meanwhile, to provide commodious quarters for his rapidly growing family, he erected, in 1804, a large residence on the lower corner of Beacon and Walnut streets—the first brick house on Beacon Street. At the time it seemed very remote and suburban, and Judge Oliver Wendell, Phillips's uncle, was once asked what it was that had induced his nephew to "remove out of town." To-day, occupied by the Misses Mason, it might be considered as almost in the heart of the city. Those were the golden days of old Boston, when solemn dinner parties were held, animated by exquisite Madeiras and polite conversation, among an exclusive society of stately gentlemen and ladies. One record shows that Phillips purchased the best Madeira at forty-six pounds per pipe, or double hogshead, containing 126 gallons. The streets were winding and so narrow that often two vehicles could hardly pass, and they were roughly paved with pebbles. The overhanging stories of the houses and shops made the town look medieval; and indeed the people walked in the middle of the streets as Englishmen had done in the London of Elizabeth. The broad aisle of the Brattle Street Church was filled on Sunday with gentlemen in wigs and knee breeches, silk stockings and scarlet coats; and Senator John Phillips, with some of his older children,

was usually there grasping his gold-headed cane in the pew which his father had once occupied.

Across the Common, on the corner of Hamilton Place and Tremont Street, dwelt Phillips's unswerving friend and ally, Josiah Quincy. The two men had been elected Trustees of Phillips Academy in the same year —1802—and now and then they would drive together over the road back to the school of their boyhood, whose destinies it was now their duty to guide. Together they deliberated over the foundation of Andover Theological Seminary with Eliphalet Pearson, now an imposing personage who was to be almost President of Harvard College. Later they were both to subscribe to the fund for erecting the Brick Academy in 1818—the building for which Phillips's mother was, in 1819, to provide a beautiful clock.

The two men met constantly on other errands than those concerning Phillips Academy. They sat together at meetings of the Board of Overseers at Cambridge or at gatherings of the American Academy, of which they were both Fellows. They were active delegates to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1820; and in 1821, when Phillips was President of the Massachusetts Senate, Quincy was Speaker of the House. So the two friends labored side by side for the public welfare. Rarely has there been in the Commonwealth an intimacy of a closer nature or one more productive of good. It must be added that Phillips had also time to attend to his business affairs, for he was President of the Manufacturers and Mechanicks Bank and Vice President of the Provident Institution for Savings. In fi-

nancial matters it was said that he was "trusted because he was known to be trustworthy."

In 1821, Boston, with a population of 45,000 souls and with at least 7000 qualified voters, was still under a town government, and a Town Meeting of the traditional New England sort was held annually in Faneuil Hall—obviously with only a fraction of the electorate present. Several attempts had been made during the preceding forty years to alter the system of administration, but conservative sentiment had blocked all such plans; indeed Josiah Quincy himself had been one of the most vigorous defenders of the old order. At last, at a Town Meeting held on October 22, 1821, a Committee of Thirteen was designated to consider the advisability of framing a municipal charter. On this committee, of which John Phillips was named as Chairman, were such eminent Bostonians as Josiah Quincy, Daniel Webster, William Tudor, William Prescott, and Lemuel Shaw, the leading elements in the community being represented.

This committee, meeting frequently for discussion, had a report ready on December 31, proposing a municipal form of government. After a noisy and rather irrelevant discussion in Town Meeting, the plan was accepted, and, when presented to the entire electorate, was approved by a majority of 916 votes in a total of 4678. The last Town Meeting under the old arrangement was held on March 28, Josiah Quincy being most appropriately the Moderator.

The Federalist Caucus held on April 4 to name a

candidate for Mayor disclosed a contest in which Harrison Gray Otis, who was the machine nominee, received 175 votes to 170 for Josiah Quincy, the representative of the "Middling Interest," composed chiefly of small shopkeepers and mechanics. Otis, who was on the verge of resigning as United States Senator, was the favorite of the oldtime Federalists and would doubtless have been elected almost unanimously but for the fact that Quincy was persuaded by his friends to "bolt" the regular ticket and run independently. The contest which ensued was short but bitter, and, when the ballots had been counted, it was found that there had been no choice, Quincy having 1736, Otis 1384, with about 580 scattering.

The leading Federalists, including the two contestants themselves, had no further desire to have their grievances aired in public; accordingly each withdrew his name, and, with a commendable unanimity, everyone concerned agreed upon John Phillips as a compromise candidate—possibly, as Mary C. Crawford says, because of "his charm of manner and pliable disposition." Everybody seems to have liked Phillips. All disputes were forgotten for the moment, and, at a second polling on April 16, he was elected almost without a dissenting vote. It should be added that the two succeeding mayors, singularly enough, were Quincy and Otis, in that order.

The new government was formally and ceremoniously inaugurated on May 1, in historic Faneuil Hall, on which occasion the Chairman of the Selectmen,

Eliphalet Williams, delivered to the Mayor a silver casket containing, among other interesting articles, the new charter and also "the antient act incorporating the town of Boston." The hall, we are told, was filled to the doors, and Phillips's address was tremendously applauded. When this ordeal was over, the Mayor spoke to the Common Council of forty-eight, some of them among Boston's leading citizens and most of them among his own personal friends.

Although he had accepted gladly the responsibility of this new position, Phillips still retained his place as Presiding Officer of the Massachusetts Senate, and no one thought of criticizing him for a plurality of offices. Unfortunately he was not in good health. For some months he had suffered from heart attacks of a disturbing kind, and he did not feel strong enough to institute any reforms. During his tenure of office he was justly praised for his "suavity and dignity of manner," and he made no enemies. His semi-invalidism, however, inclined him to leave matters as they were, and he carried on the direction of affairs as if there had been no change whatever in the transition from town to city. When his term of one year closed, he declined a reëlection and was pleased to see his lifelong comrade, Josiah Quincy, chosen as his successor.

On May 28, 1823, shortly after his withdrawal from the City Hall, he attended as usual to his routine duties as President of the Senate, where he was commended as a fair and courteous presiding officer. After the daily session, he walked for the last time down the

great stone steps to Beacon Street and then to his house only a few hundred yards away. On that evening he was indisposed, and during the night he had an alarming seizure. Just before nine o'clock on the next morning he passed quietly away, at the age of fifty-three, and the city was thrown into mourning for one of its most gifted sons.

The funeral was, of course, a state affair, at which the highest officials of the Commonwealth were present. In a sermon preached by the Reverend John G. Palfrey, pastor of the Church in Brattle Square, the clergyman said of Phillips:

He shrank from no task because it was unpleasant, embarrassing, or hazardous; and he deserted none because it was discouraging.

Edmund Quincy said of him in eulogy:

He had been in the public service of Massachusetts, in one station or another, for almost the whole of his mature life, and the State had no more trusted or respected citizen.

John Phillips was one of those fortunate men against whom no one could bear animosity. He was a devoted son, visiting his mother in her old age three or four times a day until her death, at eighty-four, on February 27, 1823. He was an affectionate husband and a patient father. To all forms of deserving philanthropy he subscribed with liberality, and he was a loyal member of the church. It need hardly be added that, in his private life, he exemplified and embodied the

finer virtues. His manners were courtly and urbane, and he was seldom ruffled in a discussion. His portraits show a face

> Filled with a fine, old-fashioned grace,
> Fresh-colored, frank, with ne'er a trace
> Of trouble shaded.

He was indeed a splendid product of the cultured society of that age—a gentleman of the type of John Quincy Adams, John Marshall, and George Washington, who would have been at home with Joseph Addison and Henry Esmond.

Of his nine children, the most distinguished was undoubtedly Wendell Phillips (1811-1884), the brilliant orator and reformer. A daughter, Miriam, married Dr. Blagden, for years the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. Two sons, George William Phillips and Grenville Tudor Phillips, became well-known Boston lawyers. Another son, John Charles Phillips (1807-1878), graduated from Harvard and Andover Theological Seminary, became a clergyman, and was a pastor in Weymouth and Methuen. By his wife, Harriet Welch, he had six daughters and one son, John Charles Phillips (1838-1885), a member of the class of 1854 at Phillips Academy. After his graduation from Harvard, he took up the brokerage and commission business and accumulated a large fortune. It was he who, in 1878, at the Centennial of Phillips Academy, established the John C. Phillips Foundation of $25,000, for a Professorship of Latin. His three children—Dr. John C. Phillips, the Honorable Wil-

liam Phillips, and Mrs. Andrew J. Peters—gave to the school in 1914 the Phillips Gateway, now the principal entrance on Main Street to the grounds of Phillips Academy. Thus have the great-grandchildren of Mayor John Phillips maintained the tradition which links their family to the old Academy of which he was one of the first pupils a century and a half ago.

JOHN THORNTON KIRKLAND

1770-1840

THE very intimate relations existing between Phillips Academy, during its early history, and Harvard College, have not always been sufficiently emphasized. Of the twelve original Trustees named in the Andover Deed of Gift in 1778, nine, including Esquire Samuel Phillips, Dr. John Phillips, and Samuel Phillips, Jr., were Harvard graduates. Under the first three principals, out of 371 students going on to higher institutions, 302 chose Harvard. It is noteworthy also that two Andover alumni have become Presidents of Harvard College, one following the other, their combined administrations covering a period of thirty-five years. A brief account of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard from 1829 to 1845, has been given in a previous article in this series. We now turn to his predecessor in that important position, John Thornton Kirkland, a man as different from the austere and ascetic Quincy as Epicurus was from Zeno.

The strict course of biological law should have made Kirkland a Stoic, capable of great renunciations and indifferent to bodily ease. Born in pioneer territory, upon what was then the western border of our colonial civilization, he opened his eyes from the cradle upon dense forests, tenanted mainly by red men, with a few

venturesome and nomad whites. His father, Samuel Kirkland (1741-1808), a missionary among the Iroquois Indians, had constructed a log house with his own hands at Oneida Castle, near the headwaters of the Mohawk. Later he helped to charter Hamilton-Oneida Academy—now Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York—in the cemetery of which he lies buried. Washington and Hamilton were his friends, and he was a man of some importance during Revolutionary times. The boy's mother, Jerusha Bingham, was a niece of President Eleazar Wheelock of Dartmouth College, and traced her ancestry back to Miles Standish, from whom she may have inherited her healthy body and vigorous mind.

In 1770, while on a visit in the family of General Herkimer, near what is now Little Falls, Mrs. Kirkland gave birth to twin sons, the elder of whom was promptly christened John Thornton, after a pious and wealthy English gentleman who was supporting Samuel Kirkland's labors among the American aborigines. Left in that environment, the child might well have grown up to be a Cooperian hero, of the type of Deerslayer and Hawkeye, inured to privation and famous for incredible feats of marksmanship. But his lines were destined to fall in softer places. Thrown by a kind fate into a less primitive society, he passed his days in comfort and ended them in luxury. Before he died, after having earned a national reputation as preacher and educator, he had moved far from the hardships of his babyhood.

In 1770, his mother, apprehensive of danger from

John T. Kirkland

the war which was even then imminent, transported her family down the valley and over the state line into Windham, Connecticut, and later to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where, among the wooded Berkshires, the boy played games while the patriots fought for independence and his father strove desperately to keep the Indians on the side of the colonists. The Revolution over, the youngster was sent to Phillips Academy, where the generous Judge Phillips, who knew his father, took him into his own hospitable home—the recently completed Mansion House—and helped him to secure an education. The records show that he entered the Academy in March, 1784.

Kirkland was a quick-witted and clever boy, to whom learning was mere play. In an autobiographical fragment written at a later date, he said:

At this Academy, under the present Professor Pearson, for whom, though generally disliked, I had a sincere respect, I was diligent in my studies and regular in my behavior. He was so obliging as to call me the best scholar, but one, that he ever had. While there I never associated with the loose or unprincipled. I cultivated very assiduously the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, to whose generosity I was indebted for a year's board and schooling, and endeavored to be obliging and agreeable to all.

This desire to please, so frankly avowed by Kirkland himself, was a distinguishing characteristic of the man. Without being in any sense a sycophant, he aimed always at making a good impression—and almost invariably succeeded in his aim. Unlike Quincy, Kirkland

was not equipped by temperament to fight for lost causes or lead hopeless minorities. He was most at home with the rich, the well-born, and the intelligent, especially those who had merited and attained power. He was no craven, but neither was he of the stuff which produces heroic souls.

Kirkland and Quincy naturally drifted together at Andover; indeed at the Exhibition in 1786 it is recorded that they delivered the dialogue of Brutus and Cassius from *Julius Caesar*, Quincy being rightly assigned the part of the "lean and hungry" Roman statesman while Kirkland spoke the lines of the patriotic Brutus. Both boys went to Harvard, Kirkland matriculating on April 4, 1786; but they belonged to different classes, Kirkland being one year ahead of Quincy. At Cambridge, Kirkland continued to be studious and circumspect in his behavior. He did, however, have one daring impulse, for, when the Governor called for troops in January, 1787, the young Sophomore volunteered under General Lincoln and marched away to help in the suppression of Shays's rebellion. Nothing can be learned of his adventures on that winter expedition, but he ultimately reëntered college, graduating in 1789, with the second highest honors in his class.

Now a full-fledged Bachelor of Arts, Kirkland returned to Andover, where he had accepted a position as assistant in the Academy—possibly because he felt that he owed a debt to Judge Phillips which could best be repaid by this service. Dr. Pearson was now a Professor in Harvard, and the courteous Ebenezer Pem-

berton was his successor. Kirkland, who was the only assistant teacher, must have been bound to a very exacting routine. He had hardly been in his new place a month before he wrote to a friend:

I have not much time for private use, in my employment. Eight hours are devoted to my academical labors, and the rest is but little more than sufficient for necessary recreation and refreshment. I almost pant for a release already.

That he did not find his duties congenial is easily deduced from many passages in his correspondence. On October 17, 1789, he said:

I am at present unfavorably situated for literary progress. The vexations of impertinence, puerilities, and noise in the Academy are enough to waste my spirits, and unfit me for any but amusing studies, novels, newspapers, and the like.

A week later, in a more resigned mood, he added:

I enjoy but little here; neither do I suffer much. No incidents or vicissitudes agitate my breast. The obscure and even tenor of my days originates but few sentiments . . . I am at present thrust into obscurity, and confined to a very humble occupation. It is as good, however, as I deserve, or am capable of.

Master Kirkland must have found some excitement in the visit of General Washington to Andover on November 5, 1789, when Judge Phillips and Principal Pemberton welcomed the "Father of His Country" to Phillips Academy; but he makes no mention of the

event. In any case, this was merely a passing diversion, an evanescent burst of sunshine in a cavern of gloom. As the year of tribulation drew to an end, he wrote, June 16, 1790:

I scarcely know what has become of the time that has passed since I saw you; so gentle and sleepy is the current of my days here that I do not notice its rapidity. I do not care, however, how insensibly the time goes between this and Commencement. My purgatorial torments will, I expect, be then at an end, and a region more favorable to my enjoyment be allotted me to dwell in . . . You would laugh, I think, to see me here on my academical throne; sometimes mild and patient, sometimes rough and vengeful; now frowning terror, now smiling benignity. By habit and reflection I am become superior to the vexations of my employment. When I rule, I shall govern upon a very different system from what is preserved here.

These prophetic words were the last which he wrote at Phillips Academy. In July, 1790, a heavy burden off his mind, he withdrew from the school, never to return to it. After a few months spent in studying divinity at Stockbridge, he went to Cambridge, where he took regular lectures in theology and, in November, 1792, was appointed a Tutor in the Department of Logic and Metaphysics. Destiny, he complained, seemed determined to make him a pedagogue. At last, in 1794, came welcome relief. He was chosen to succeed the Reverend Oliver Everett as Pastor of the New South Church in Boston, at a salary of 225 pounds, "lawful money." He had found a congenial occupation.

For the next sixteen years Kirkland was known as one of the most popular preachers in New England. A contemporary said of him, "Probably no minister ever wielded in his community such a powerful and salutary, but at the same time unobtrusive and noiseless influence." He did not belong to a spectacular or melodramatic oratorical school. Although his vocabulary was rich, picturesque, and varied, his style seemed simple and direct. Lowell has left a description of him:

> Praying he leaned forward on the pulpit cushion, as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself,—without irreverence,—on terms of friendly but courteous familiarity with heaven.

He used few gestures and made no attempt at oratorical effort, but spoke with impressive sincerity. He was not a persevering or thorough student. His reading was desultory rather than systematic, but he had a faculty of quickly absorbing whatever came his way, and he could summarize an argument or an appeal with remarkable lucidity. He was soon recognized as a man of sober views and established principles, and his fame, accordingly, was not dependent on the whims of his congregation. Perhaps his finest intellectual trait was his tolerance. Respecting the opinions of others, he found it difficult to goad himself into partisanship. His was a comprehensive and catholic rather than a profound intelligence. In striving to please his listeners, he succeeded in making religion attractive.

When President Samuel Webber, of Harvard College, died in July, 1810, it was natural that the

thoughts of the "solid men of Boston" should turn to John Thornton Kirkland. A bachelor and an inveterate "diner-out," he was a social favorite on Beacon Hill, being an habitual associate of such influential persons as George Cabot, Fisher Ames, Christopher Gore, Judge Parsons, John Lowell, and Judge Davis—most of them Unitarians in religion and Federalists in politics. It was this group of aristocrats—called by Quincy "an intellectual, highly cultivated, and public-spirited class of men"—who suggested Kirkland for the vacant presidency, knowing him to be "safe." It is true also that most Harvard graduates in Boston welcomed a man like Kirkland, who was genial and urbane, and little likely to stir into a flame the smouldering fires of theological controversy which had done so much damage only a few years before, when Calvinists, headed by Dr. Eliphalet Pearson, had struggled with Unitarians for the control of the college.

Kirkland, elected on August 7, 1810, entered upon his new duties almost immediately. His administration, which must be reckoned as one of the great periods of Harvard history, has been justly called "the Augustan Age of Harvard College." Entrusted by the corporation with more authority than had hitherto been placed in the president's hands, he displayed much boldness and originality, especially in placing on his faculty men trained in European countries. Under him the college expanded into a university: the Theological School was made a separate institution; the Medical School was reorganized; and the Law School was permanently established. As a consequence of a

report by a committee of Overseers in 1825, many significant reforms, some of them first suggested by Kirkland, were adopted. Holworthy, University, and Divinity Halls were erected, and the endowment was materially increased. It is estimated that the college under him received gifts aggregating $400,000. Furthermore the salaries of professors were raised, fifteen new professorships were added, and the standard of scholarship was made higher. Such men as Edward Everett and George Ticknor brought distinction to the faculty. Among the graduates of this period who are remembered are George Bancroft, William H. Prescott, Caleb Cushing, Charles Francis Adams, Andrew P. Peabody, Charles C. Felton, Robert C. Winthrop, Jared Sparks, John G. Palfrey, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In maintaining discipline, Kirkland was perhaps less successful. It was a turbulent time among undergraduates, when there was a heavy consumption of blackstrap and other not innocuous beverages and when rebellions broke out on trivial pretexts. Kirkland, who was himself rather easy-going, did not have the heart to be severe to others. He liked to sit undisturbed over the walnuts and the wine or to chat comfortably in front of the glowing embers in his well-stocked library. This was his natural environment, and he did not conceive it to be his function to be perpetually cracking the whip over recalcitrant Sophomores. Lowell relates a diverting anecdote illustrative of his character:

Hearing that Porter's flip—which was exemplary—had too great an attraction for the collegians, he re-

solved to investigate the matter himself. Accordingly, entering the old inn one day, he called for a mug of it, and having drunk it, said, "And so, Mr. Porter, the young gentlemen come to drink your flip, do they?" "Yes, sir—sometimes." "Ah, well, I should think they would. Good day, Mr. Porter," and he departed saying nothing more.

Towards offenders who were brought to him for judgment, he was disposed to be lenient, dispensing warnings rather than punishments.

President Kirkland was not a methodical or punctilious man, and he cared very little for details. Although he could, it is said, call every student in college by name, this was done instinctively, not by a conscious effort of memory. He had breadth of vision, imagination, and a creative mind; he could consider problems in their larger aspects; but he was content to leave their working out to others. This was especially true with regard to financial matters, for he seldom tried to manage accounts or to balance books. With an easy air and careless grace, he disclaimed responsibility for this portion of his duties.

It was this trait which eventually brought criticism upon him. In 1825 and 1826 the college was running into debt, and there was a concerted movement to reduce expenses; indeed the Honorable Nathaniel Bowditch did not hesitate to point out that the finances had been badly administered. While the controversy was going on, Kirkland had a light stroke of paralysis, and was in no physical condition to meet the attacks of his opponents. On March 28, 1828, he wisely sent in his

resignation, and was followed in office by his old school and college friend, Josiah Quincy.

Before his withdrawal, Kirkland, who had always been thought to be a confirmed bachelor, married Miss Elizabeth Cabot, only daughter of his intimate friend, George Cabot, who had died a few years before. Kirkland himself had no money, but his wife brought him a large fortune. They were very happy together, and she watched over him sedulously during his declining years.

In the autumn of 1828, Kirkland and his wife took an extensive tour through the western and southern states, being entertained all along their route by his former pupils. More than twelve hundred men had received their Harvard diplomas from his hands, and had learned to love him. On their return east in the following spring, the Kirklands sailed for Europe, where they spent nearly four years, traversing not only the usual territory, but also Egypt, the Holy Land, Austria, and the Barbary Coast. It was a delightful period of peaceful recreation for a man who realized that his life's work was virtually completed.

Once back in Boston, Kirkland relapsed into a state of confirmed invalidism. The elasticity and energy of his mind seemed to be gone. Now and then he appeared at dinners, dressed in the gay attire which Mrs. Kirkland insisted on choosing for him, but he had little to say, and his face bore the marks of suffering. Death, on April 26, 1840, came as a merciful release from a world which for him had lost its fascination.

Kirkland had earned his fair share of honors. He

received an M.A. from Dartmouth in 1792, a D.D. from the College of New Jersey in 1802, and an LL.D. from Brown in 1810. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and Vice-President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. His name is listed among the original incorporators of the Boston Athenaeum in 1807.

Lack of leisure and a disinclination to sustained mental or physical labor prevented him from venturing far into authorship, and his only book is a biography of his friend, Fisher Ames, published in 1809. A few of his addresses were printed from time to time, including a memorial lecture on George Washington (1799) and a discourse on the death of George Cabot (1823).

Kirkland, as he appears in the portrait by Gilbert Stuart (a copy of which hangs in the library of Phillips Academy), was a man of handsome features, with ruddy cheeks and a semblance of a twinkle in his eye. He was described by one of his students as "a plump, cheery, pleasant-faced gentleman." Although he looked like a *bon vivant*, his bearing was always dignified:

> His mien distinguished any crowd,
> His credit strengthened when he bowed.

He was decidedly a man of the world, whose inclinations were towards the drawing-room rather than towards forests and fields. In truth, he was a typical eighteenth-century aristocrat, who would have been welcomed by Addison and his coterie—courteous, fastidious, well-read and well-bred, self-possessed, and un-

erring in his conduct towards others. At dinners and public gatherings he made an ideal presiding officer, for he said just the right thing and he was never tedious. Harvard has had more brilliant presidents, but no one who was more universally popular. The wonder is that, with his endowment and his opportunity, he did not fix his place more securely among the immortals.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

1791-1872

WHEN, in 1900, the preliminary ballot was taken for the national Hall of Fame, Samuel F. B. Morse was chosen as one of the thirty distinguished Americans to be there commemorated. Only one other Andover graduate—Oliver Wendell Holmes—has been thus honored; and even Holmes had no such international reputation as was Morse's in his later years. William Cullen Bryant spoke nothing less than the truth when, in presenting a statue of Morse to New York City, he declared, "The great globe itself has become his monument."

Morse came from a fine Puritan and Calvinistic ancestry. His father, the Reverend Jedidiah Morse, graduated from Yale in the class of 1783, studied theology under Jonathan Edwards, and became "intensely orthodox." For more than thirty years he was pastor of the important First Church of Charlestown. In 1805 he established the *Panoplist*, a monthly theological magazine, and he was one of the little group who perfected the plans for Andover Seminary. His more enduring fame, however, came from his publication of the earliest *American Geography and Gazetteer*,—as a consequence of which he still survives in our history as the "Father of American Geography."

The Reverend Jedidiah Morse married Elizabeth Ann Breese, granddaughter of Samuel Finley, President of Princeton College, by whom he had eleven children, only three of whom survived infancy. Of these the eldest was Samuel. He and his two brothers attained the ages of 81, 77, and 73 respectively. Only the sturdiest could endure the privations of New England Puritanism, but those who did live had a vitality which it was not easy to destroy.

In 1795, Dr. Morse was made a Trustee of Phillips Academy, and it was natural that he should send his sons there as soon as they were equipped to enter. Samuel was driven to Andover at the age of eight and left in the care of Judge Phillips. His first letter, written August 2, 1799, reads as follows:

Dear Papa,—I hope you are well. I will thank you if you will Send me up Some quils Give my love to mama and Nancy and my little brothers pleas to kis them for me and send me up Some very good paper to write to you

I have as many blackberries as I want I go and pick them myself.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse
Your Son
1799

But it was hard for the sensitive child to adjust himself to Principal Newman's strict discipline, and at last he gathered courage to run away to his home in Charlestown. Even the stern father relented for a few months, but in 1802 he carried the boy back to Andover, this time accompanied by his younger brother, Sid-

Saml F. B. Morse.

ney Edward. In estimating the characters of these two sons, Dr. Morse was accustomed to call Finley the "Hare" and Sidney the "Tortoise," but the prophecy of the old fable did not in their cases come true. In the following year a third son, Richard Cary, followed his brothers to Phillips Academy, and later they were graduated at Yale at successive Commencements. The strain upon the clergyman's purse while they were being educated was by no means inconsiderable.

Very little can be learned of Samuel's Andover life beyond the fact that he was once recorded as having made eight mistakes in spelling and having whispered eighteen times. His father's letters to him have the ethical strain so characteristic of the Massachusetts Calvinists. When the boy was not quite ten, Dr. Morse wrote him:

> Your natural disposition, my dear son, renders it proper for me earnestly to recommend to you to *attend to one thing at a time.* It is impossible that you can do two things well at the same time, and I would, therefore, never have you attempt it. Never undertake to do what ought not to be done, and then, whatever you undertake, endeavor to do it in the best manner. . . .
>
> I expect you will read this letter over several times that you may retain its contents in your memory, and give me your opinion on the advice I have given you. If you improve this well, I shall be encouraged to give you more as you may need it.

Pious admonition of this kind was part of the boy's daily mental and moral nourishment. Even at that early age he had absorbed much of the rigid Puritan

doctrine—the doctrine of those serious, sincere, and austere men who founded Phillips Academy—and it remained the guiding principle of his career. It was not for nothing that his family motto was "*Deo non armis fido.*"

Leaving philosophical and ethical theory to her husband, the mother was likely to offer advice of a practical nature. She warned her son to profit by the death of President Willard's boy, who had died of a fever brought on "by going into water when he was very hot in the middle of the day"; and, in the same letter, she dwelt on the unfortunate fate of a young lady only twenty years old in Boston, who "eat her dinner perfectly well and was dead in five minutes after."

You see, my dear boys, the great uncertainty of life, and, of course, the importance of being always prepared for *death*, even a *sudden death*, as we know not what an hour may bring forth.

From both his parents Samuel used to hear the maxim, "Better wear out than rust out," and he never forgot it.

In October, 1805, Samuel went by stagecoach to New Haven, where he matriculated at his father's college. Normally he would have graduated in 1809, but he seems to have dropped a year, finally taking his degree in 1810. His zealous parents were occasionally troubled about him, especially when he frankly showed a fondness for "gunning parties." His mother wrote him early in his Freshman year:—

You mention in the letter you wrote first that, if you went into college, you and your chum would want

brandy and wine and segars in your room. Pray is that the custom among the students? We think it a very improper one indeed, and hope the government of college will not permit it.

Those who like to look back to the "good old days" as to an "Age of Innocence" are recommended to study for a time conditions in our American colleges during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Morse, however, was no wastrel. His expenses, recorded in detail, for extras during one college term were fifteen dollars. Probably he had his adventures, for he wrote as a Sophomore:—

I begin to know by experience that man is born to trouble, and that temptations to do evil are as countless as the stars, but I hope I shall be enabled to shun them.

It was in college that his interest in both painting and electricity first developed. He worked his way through Yale partly by painting, receiving five dollars for miniatures on ivory. "My price for profiles is one dollar," he wrote. Experiments conducted by Professor Benjamin Silliman and Professor Day in Chemistry and Galvanism gave him some insight into the wonders of electricity. On March 8, 1809, when he was eighteen years old, Morse wrote:

Mr. Day's lectures are very interesting. They are upon Electricity. He has given us some fine experiments. The whole class taking hold of hands formed the circuit of communication and we all received the shock apparently at the same moment. I never took an

electric shock before. It felt as if some person had struck me a slight blow across the arms.

In a letter written in 1846, Morse traced back his researches "to their incipiency, in the lessons of my esteemed instructors in natural philosophy and in chemistry."

The full story of Morse's romantic career after graduating from Yale may be read in the excellent two-volume biography by his son, Edward Lind Morse (1914). Broadly speaking, it divides itself logically into two distinct parts or halves: one, in which he was devoted to painting; another, in which his interest in scientific invention overcame his inclination towards art. In each of these two fields he was successful, but the importance of the telegraph has obscured his earlier achievement as one of the most original and enterprising of American artists.

When Samuel returned from Yale, his father, who had his own ambitions for his son, apprenticed him to a Boston book-seller, but the boy spent all his spare hours in drawing. Seeing that the youth was quite indifferent to trade, Dr. Morse finally relented and, at great pecuniary sacrifice, allowed him to sail for England with Washington Allston. In London, Samuel was able to study under Benjamin West, the American artist who had risen to be President of the Royal Academy. Here he remained throughout the war with England, evidently undisturbed by the British. Indeed his statue of the "Dying Hercules" won him the gold medal of the Adelphi Society, and his colossal painting

of the same subject aroused much attention at the Academy Exhibition in 1813. When, because his funds were exhausted, he was obliged to return to the United States in the autumn of 1815, he had acquired a considerable prestige in artistic circles.

Compelled to earn his living by the brush, he soon learned that no one in the United States wanted historical canvases; so he turned to portraiture. He tells us that at Concord, New Hampshire, in 1816, he painted five portraits in eight days, at fifteen dollars each. On the same trip he fell in love with Lucretia Pickering Walker, a girl of sixteen. After some months of successful portrait painting, in the course of which his price rose gradually from fifteen to sixty dollars, he was married, October 6, 1818, at Miss Walker's New Hampshire home.

The young Morses found pleasant surroundings for a time in Charleston, South Carolina, where he was hospitably received and completed more than sixty portraits, including one of President Monroe, ordered by the Common Council of the city. In 1823, looking for a wider field, he moved to New York, where he founded the National Academy of Design and was elected its first President. While he was working at a portrait of Lafayette for the city of New York in 1825, his wife died suddenly, leaving him with three motherless children. The blow was a terrible one, from which it took him long even partly to recover. Fourteen years after she had been buried in New Haven he wrote his brother Sidney:

My dear brother, may you never feel, as I have felt,

the loss of a wife. That wound bleeds afresh daily, as if it were inflicted but yesterday.

The death of his father, in 1826, and of his mother two years later left him still more alone. Seeking relief from trouble, he persuaded relatives to take care of his children and sailed for Europe, where he spent three years traveling and studying art.

But the height of his career as an artist had been reached. Even before he departed for Europe his interest in electricity had been revived through some lectures on the subject by Professor James F. Dana, of Columbia College. His was naturally a prospective mind, accustomed to deal in futurities; and, while he was studying in the galleries of Paris and London, he was also speculating on the uses of electrical power.

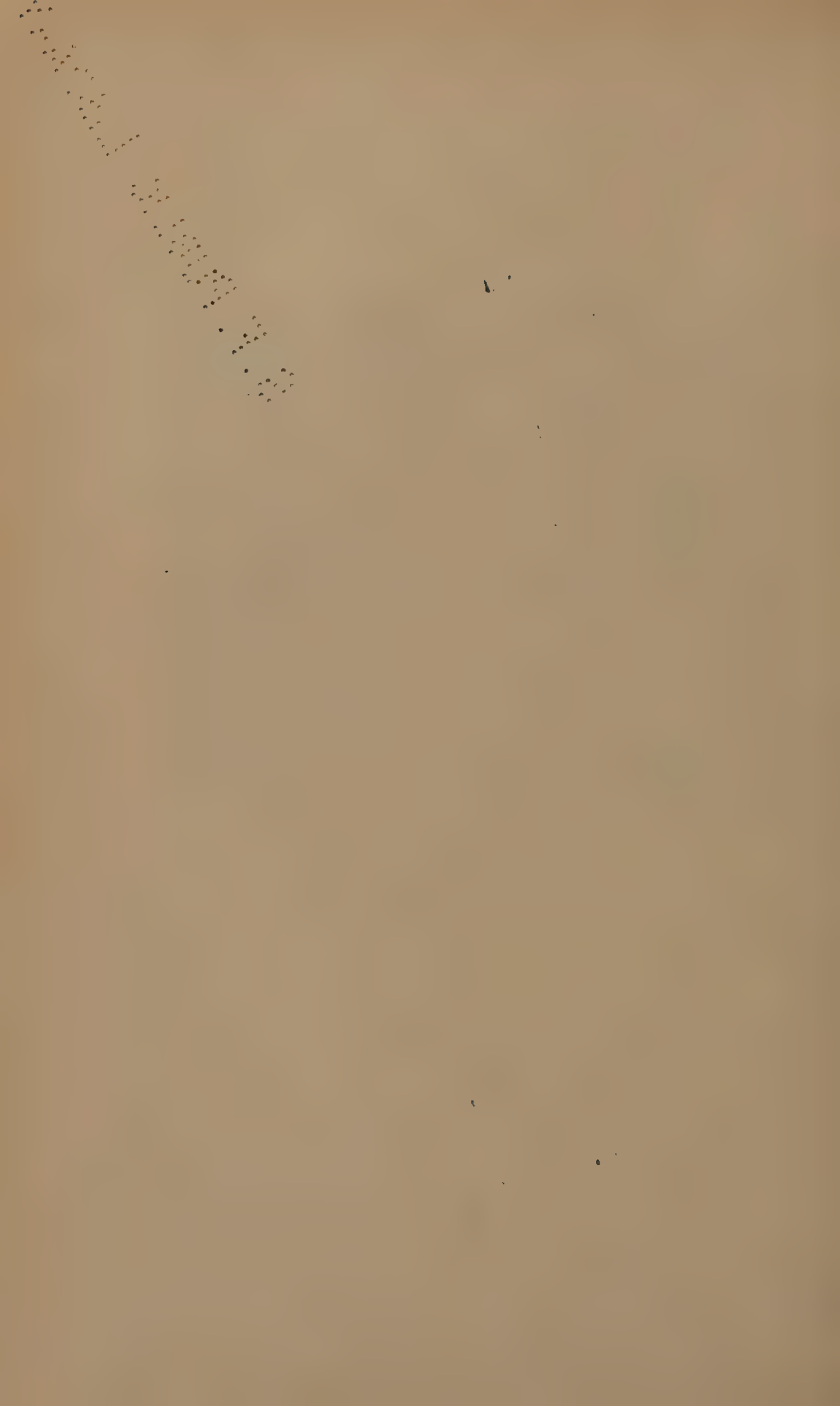
His great discovery came as a sudden inspiration. In October, 1832, he sailed from Havre on board the packet-ship *Sully*. Another passenger was Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, who, at dinner one evening, pointed out the fact that electricity passed instantaneously through any length of wire and that it could be observed at any point by simply breaking the circuit. Morse replied, "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of the circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted instantaneously by electricity." For hours afterward he paced the deck meditating on this thought. Before the boat docked in New York, he had devised the principle of "signs for letters" and had evolved the rough plan of the receiving magnet. From the moment he met his brothers,

Samuel Phillips Hall
Built in 1925 from plans made by Charles A. Platt.

Erratum

Samuel Phillips Hall was erected
from plans by
Guy Lowell of Boston

Insert opposite page 100



he could hardly speak on any other subject. Forty years later he spoke of the telegraph as "an invention which, cradled upon the ocean, had its birth in an American ship."

After this date, Morse's chief endeavor was to perfect the telegraph, but twelve lean years passed by before he could offer a convincing demonstration. His first model of a receiving instrument was completed by 1835; and an appointment in the same year as Professor of the Arts of Design in the University of the City of New York gave him a small salary which was decidedly welcome. He had hoped to be one of the four artists commissioned to execute the huge panels in the rotunda of the national capitol, but he inadvertently incurred the enmity of Congressman John Quincy Adams, and the opportunity was lost.

Morse's next few years were indeed critical ones, in which he struggled with an indomitable will against discouraging conditions. In 1837 he filed his application for a patent and took Alfred Vail as a partner in his enterprise. But he had almost no money. He wrote in 1842:

To avoid debt (which I will never incur) I have been compelled to make with my own hands a great part of my machinery, but at an expense of time of very serious consideration to me. I have executed in six months what a good machinist, if I had the means to employ him, would have performed in as many weeks, and performed much better.

He sometimes had no funds to spend for food, and he

once told a friend who invited him to dinner—"This is my first meal for twenty-four hours." Finally, in 1843, a bill came before Congress appropriating the sum of $30,000 for building an experimental telegraph line. It was treated by many representatives with flippancy, an amendment being proposed giving half the money to work in mesmerism. The measure passed the House on February 23, but lingered in the Senate. Morse again wrote:

My means to defray my expenses, to meet which every cent I owned in the world was collected, are nearly all gone, and if, by any means, the bill should fail in the Senate, I shall return to New York with the *fraction of a dollar* in my pocket.

On the last evening of the session (March 3) he sat in the Senate chamber, but, seeing no hope for the bill, went to his room and retired to sleep. In the morning, however, he was greeted in the breakfast-room by Miss Annie Ellsworth, who came to congratulate him in the name of her father, the Commissioner of Patents. It seems that the measure had passed without a division and had been regularly signed by President Tyler. At last he could see blue sky ahead.

The story of the next fourteen months is familiar to every schoolboy. It was decided to construct the first line between Washington and Baltimore, a distance of forty-three miles. The sinking of the wires in trenches having proved unsatisfactory, Morse determined to raise them on poles. He wrote in January, 1844:

I am working to retrieve myself under every disad-

vantage and amidst accumulated and most diversified trials, but I have strength from the source of strength, and courage to go forward.

At last, on May 24, the labor was completed, and the friends of the inventor gathered in the Supreme Court chamber to watch the final demonstration. Miss Ellsworth, invited to indite the first public message, chose the words, "What hath God wrought!" from Numbers xxiii. 23. Morse himself, seated at the instrument, sent this sentence to Alfred Vail, in Baltimore, who at once flashed it back without an error. Two days later the news of the nomination of James Knox Polk as Democratic candidate for the Presidency was received in Washington by telegraph hours before the arrival of the regular mail. The utility of the invention could not have been more effectively demonstrated.

Thus, at the age of fifty-three, Morse saw his dream come true. But he had no false pride. He wrote to his brother Sidney:

I do indeed feel gratified, and it is right I should rejoice, but I rejoice with fear, and I desire that a sense of dependence upon and increased obligation to the Giver of every good and perfect gift may keep me humble and circumspect.

The remainder of his long life is, in spite of some irritating incidents, a story of national and international honors, financial prosperity, and "port after stormy seas." His offer of his invention to the government for $100,000 was rejected, but private companies were soon constructing lines all over the East. By 1862,

there were at least 150,000 miles of telegraph in operation. Enemies tried to deprive him of his rights in the invention, but Morse fought them valiantly through the lower courts; and in 1854 the Supreme Court handed down a unanimous verdict in his favor. Ultimately he received large royalties for the telegraph, and he died a rich man.

Yale University, in 1848, made him a Doctor of Laws. Foreign nations hastened to honor his achievement, one of the first being Turkey, which sent him the "Nichan Iftikar" or "Order of Glory." He was awarded decorations of a similar character by virtually every European potentate. In 1858, Napoleon III called a convention of states to decide on some form of testimonial, as a consequence of which he was voted the sum of four hundred thousand francs—one-third of which, however, went to Morse's agent, M. van den Brock, as his commission. No American has ever been the recipient of a larger number of honors from foreign governments.

In 1848, Morse married for the second time, his bride being Sarah Elizabeth Griswold, who was the first cousin of his son's wife. He settled in Poughkeepsie, on an estate called Locust Grove, near the Hudson River. Here another family grew up around him, and he enjoyed an Indian summer of domestic peace and happiness. During the winter he usually moved to New York, where he was much in society, especially among scientists and artists.

Morse was fortunate in living to see a dramatic recognition of his achievement. Very few men have had

statues erected to them while they were still alive; yet this was Morse's destiny. On June 10, 1871, when the great inventor had passed his eightieth birthday, a bronze statue, paid for largely by contributions from telegraphers all over the country, was erected in Central Park. The man who, thirty years before, had been in dire poverty and despairing that his invention could ever be put into operation, was now the idol of his compatriots.

The venerable scientist's modesty would not allow him to be present at the unveiling; but on that same evening at the Academy of Music, telegraph lines all over the world were cleared so that his personal message could be sent out to thousands of waiting operators,—"Greeting and thanks to the telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." Then he himself, stepping to the instrument table, spelled out the letters of his own name. The demonstration which followed was so remarkable that Morse was overcome by his emotions and sat with his head buried in his hands, unable to face the scene. Before the evening was over, answers had been relayed back from the far corners of the earth.

This remarkable tribute came in season, for Morse's days were almost over. The celebration left him tired, "in a good-for-nothing condition." He made his last public appearance on January 17, 1872, in order to join with Horace Greeley in unveiling the statue of Franklin in Printing House Square. A short period of depression ensued, culminating in pneumonia; and he died quite peacefully, April 2, 1872. He was buried in

Greenwood Cemetery, beside his two brothers who had been so dear to him.

Morse was a man of large stature and powerful physique. He had regular features, which made him stand out in a crowd. In his latter days he wore a flowing beard and long hair which aroused attention wherever he went. He had always a dignified bearing, and he did not stoop even when he had passed his eightieth birthday. The portrait given to Phillips Academy at the first dinner of the Boston Alumni in 1886 shows him with all his decorations, and he looks like some Viking hero.

The Puritan strain in Morse, inherited from his ancestors, and fostered by parental care, never weakened, and he maintained an almost childlike faith in divine power. His correspondence is full of passages indicating that he never ceased to believe himself to be, whether as a painter or an inventor, merely the instrument of God's will on earth. This confidence undoubtedly helped him to bear trouble patiently. At a moment when he was being assailed by enemies, he wrote:

I look not for freedom from trials; they must needs be; but the number, the kind, the form, the degree of them, I can safely leave to Him who has ordered and will still order all things well.

Less than a year before his death, he wrote his daughter:

When I review my past life and see the way in which I have been led, I am so convinced of the faithfulness of God in answer to the prayers of faith, which I have been enabled in times of trial to offer to him, that I find the temper of my mind is to constant praise.

Perhaps Morse's noblest characteristic was his persistence in defying opposition. While he was fighting to get a public test for his invention, his associates often lost hope; but he never did. He rarely complained or protested, but simply kept on his way, sure that things would come right in "God's good time." He had many enemies, who tried to deprive him of the credit which was morally and legally his, but he bore them no malice. He seems always to have kept his self-control, even when he could not have been blamed for an outbreak. His progress was accomplished, not by noisy aggressiveness, but by quiet, steady plodding. With such a will and disposition, he must have succeeded in any enterprise; and to these qualities he joined a high degree of intelligence and tact.

In politics, Morse was a consistent Democrat, and ran for Congress on that ticket unsuccessfully in 1851. He believed that slavery was a social condition, not a sin *per se*, and he repeatedly denounced what he called the "twin heresies"—abolitionism and secession. On this subject he wrote:—

I believe that you and I would be considered in New England as real heretics, for, I confess, the more I study the subject, the more I feel compelled to declare myself on the Southern side of the question.

He earned some opprobrium among his friends by denouncing Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and voting for McClellan in 1864.

In his private life Morse was above reproach. Wherever he had his home, he gathered around him devoted

companions, and his children found in him an affectionate father. The evidence of his Poughkeepsie pastor represents accurately the opinion of those who knew him:

> In his family he was light, life, and love; with those in his employ he was ever considerate and kind, never exacting and harsh, but honorable and just, seeking the good of every dependent; in the community he was a pillar of strength and beauty, commanding the homage of universal respect; in the church he walked with God and men.

Morse was a man of many talents. His inventive mind moved in other channels besides the telegraph. He was associated with John W. Draper in taking the first daguerreotypes in the United States. He patented a marble-cutting machine. A walk across the bridge from Charlestown to Boston tempted him to study the mystery of the sea-gulls' flight. Always he was planning for new developments in scientific discovery.

Above all, however, it is the telegraph which perpetuates his name. We admire his faith, his energy, his intense intellectual activity, his skill as a painter, his tolerant and kindly spirit—but it is his invention of the telegraph which places him beside Newton, Darwin, and Franklin, among the exalted geniuses of the world.

JOSEPH EMERSON WORCESTER

1784-1856

PHILIPS ACADEMY, in its history of nearly a century and a half, has had among its alumni no more interesting family than the Worcesters. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century there was living in southern New Hampshire a Revolutionary War veteran named Jesse Worcester, a direct descendant of the Reverend William Worcester, first minister of Salisbury in that state. Jesse Worcester as a young man had been a teacher in the common schools and had published articles in newspapers; but, when the war was over, he married one Sarah Parker and settled down to peaceful farm life. By her, in the fecund fashion of those days, he had fifteen children—nine boys and six girls. In many of the large families of that age when prophylaxis and antitoxins were unknown, death took a heavy toll; but Jesse Worcester came of sturdy stock and his children all lived to maturity, the majority of them passing the scriptural mark of threescore and ten.

Jesse Worcester seems to have been a hard-working, thrifty, shrewd Yankee, of the type well represented by the late John Coolidge, of Plymouth, Vermont. Every child had routine duties on the farm, and the older ones usually were not allowed to leave, even to secure an education, until they had reached twenty-

one. They were brought up in the severe doctrines of the Calvinist faith, including infant damnation, punishment by hell fire, and salvation by grace. There must have been in the father's soul a repressed longing for knowledge, and the children had this for an inheritance. It is said that Joseph, the subject of this sketch, used to sit up until midnight, reading, by the flickering light of pine-knots, such books as Rollin's *Ancient History* and Josephus. Each of the boys and girls had to make renunciations in order to go to school and college; yet no one of them ever complained of his fate. At one time fourteen out of the fifteen children were teachers in New England schools or academies.

The second son, Joseph Emerson Worcester, was born at Bedford, not far from Manchester, New Hampshire, on August 24, 1784. Ten years later the father moved his already large family a few miles south to Hollis, only a short distance from the Massachusetts line, near the present site of Nashua. This was to be the Worcester home for many decades. Here Jesse and Joseph, the two oldest boys, ploughed the soil, milked the cows, and did the farming chores, spending a few odd terms at the district schools near-by—but only at seasons when work was slack. When Jesse, the oldest, arrived at legal maturity, he did not take advantage of his freedom; but a year later Joseph reached twenty-one and evidently persuaded his brother that the time had come for them to secure an education. At any rate in the autumn of 1805 the two were registered at Phillips Academy. The school was not far from Hollis, and the brothers could easily have walked there from

J. E. Worcester

their home, as so many other ambitious youths of that generation did do. But whether they walked or drove, they reached Andover Hill as almost the two most mature members of their class—but not quite, for one of their comrades was John Hall, a man of twenty-three. With them in the same recitations were little boys, like Samuel Phillips Newman, the Principal's son, who was only eight, and Ezra Lummus, who was only nine. The two Worcesters must have been serious-minded students, intent on their books and disinclined to levity. Their experience had led them to realize what an education cost—and was worth.

Both Jesse and Joseph remained in Phillips Academy four years, during a period which was exciting chiefly because Andover Theological Seminary was being founded. The school, under the rather indecisive and fumbling Mark Newman, was obviously on the downgrade and seemed likely to be forgotten by the side of the new and somewhat arrogant higher institution. There were good teachers in the Academy: John Lovejoy Abbot, who afterwards became Librarian of Harvard College and pastor of the First Church in Boston; Jonathan Cogswell, later a professor of ecclesiastical history; and Winthrop Bailey, who became a well-known clergyman. But something was not right with the spirit of the school, and it nearly met the pathetic fate of many other New England academies.

The two Worcesters, however, were of a temper which made the most of opportunities. Both graduated with distinction and were eager to go on to college. Unfortunately Jesse, the elder, who planned to enter

Dartmouth, was taken ill during the summer and died. Joseph, left by himself, changed his plans and went to Yale, where he was enrolled in the Sophomore Class. This was in the autumn of 1809.

At Yale, Joseph won a deserved reputation as a thorough and enterprising scholar. His particular interest was in linguistic studies, but he was also interested in debating, and was President of Linonia. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, as one of the four highest men in his class. With the many riots and orgies of that period at Yale he had nothing to do, and he took his diploma uneventfully in 1811.

At this point it may not be amiss to follow the careers of his younger brothers, who had meanwhile been growing up on the farm in Hollis. The father's fortunes were slowly improving, and he was able to let the next son, Taylor Gilman Worcester, go to Phillips Academy in 1817, at the age of fifteen. This boy eventually went to Harvard,—the Worcesters seem not to have been hidebound in their college preferences,—where he graduated in 1823. He taught in Dummer Academy, studied at Andover Theological Seminary but was never ordained, edited a revised translation of Swedenborg's works, and finally returned to his father's farm, where he lived for nearly fifty years.

In 1825, twenty years after the first two brothers had found their way to Andover, two more entered Phillips Academy—Samuel Thomas, aged twenty, and Josiah, aged eighteen. Both graduated from Harvard and became lawyers. Samuel moved west to Ohio, became a judge and a Congressman, and then came back

to Nashua, where he emulated his brother Joseph in publishing spelling books and dictionaries—a kind of feeble moon to the other's sun. Josiah changed his name to Frederick Augustus and established himself at Ayer, Massachusetts. Yet another Worcester, David, came to Phillips Academy in 1826, graduated at Harvard in 1832, became a schoolmaster, and ended his days in Iowa. Six of the seven Worcester boys thus are recorded among Andover alumni.

The Worcesters were hardy and tough-fibered, built to withstand the ravages of time and severe labor. Jesse, the oldest, died at twenty-six, the victim of some unknown infection. The other five who attended Phillips Academy reached the ages respectively of 81, 77, 81, 77, and 76—a comfortable average of 78 years. Joseph Emerson Worcester presented to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at the time of his election as a member in 1825, an essay called *Remarks on Longevity*, which is an interesting specimen of his exact and detailed scholarship. After examining the histories of centenarians, especially in New Hampshire, he shows that people who have attained exceptional age have usually belonged to the humbler ranks of society and have been accustomed to manual toil and coarse food. His own family might have contributed facts to support his thesis.

Our information regarding the early career of Joseph Emerson Worcester is unfortunately meager. We know that, after leaving Yale, he became preceptor of a private school in Salem, Massachusetts, where he remained five years. In 1816, he abandoned teaching and

came to Andover, where he seems to have been working on his first book, *A Geographical Dictionary or Universal Gazetteer, Ancient and Modern*, which was published in two octavo volumes, in 1817, with an Andover imprint. Evidently Worcester found the Seminary Library useful, and his book was set up in type by the press of Flagg and Gould, then located on the second story of Deacon Newman's ugly store.

In undertaking this textbook, Worcester was following in the footsteps of the Reverend Jedidiah Morse, who has a double fame as the father of American Geography and of Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Worcester at this period was evidently bent on geographical speculation, for he published in 1818 a large folio *Gazetteer of the United States*, which had an extensive sale.

In 1819, Worcester moved to Cambridge, possibly because he could find in that college town larger library facilities than were at his disposal in Andover. The remaining years of his life are remarkable for their indefatigable industry and limitless patience, with no outstanding events except the appearance of one volume after another under his name. In 1847, when he was nearly sixty, he married Elizabeth McKean, daughter of the Reverend Joseph McKean, who was professor of rhetoric and oratory in Harvard College. They had no children, but she was a cheering influence in his old age.

In a sense Worcester drifted into lexicography. After having produced other textbooks in geography—including *Elements of Geography, Ancient and Modern*

(1819), and an *Epitome of Geography* (1820)—he turned to history, with *Sketches of the Earth and Its Inhabitants* (1823) and *Elements of History, Ancient and Modern* (1826), which he followed with an *Epitome of History*, in anticipation of Mr. Wells and Mr. Van Loon, but in a tone somewhat different from that of their thoroughly modern books. In 1828, simply as hack-work, he issued an edition of Johnson's *Dictionary*, "as improved by Todd and abridged by Chalmers," with some additions of his own.

Meanwhile another lexicographer, Noah Webster (1758-1843), also a Yale graduate (1778), had, after many years of labor and anxiety, published his *American Dictionary of the English Language*, which appeared in 1828, in two volumes. It was not a financial success, and Webster's publisher, Sherman Converse, requested him to prepare an abridgment. This he refused to do; but he did consent to have such an abridgment made by any one whom Converse might select. Converse at once turned to Joseph E. Worcester, who could be relied upon to do such a job expeditiously and carefully and who completed the abridgment within a few months. It was in this way that the names of the two greatest of American lexicographers were first brought together; and in 1830, Worcester appeared as Webster's rival in a *Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary*, which was entirely his own compilation. Thus, by gradual steps, he reached the point where he was entitled to call himself a full-fledged lexicographer.

In preparation for his famous work Noah Webster

had spent some time in Europe, devoting himself to philological and etymological investigations; and Worcester in his turn went abroad towards the close of 1830, where he visited the universities of England, Scotland, and the Continent, studying intensively in their libraries. On his return he settled down for fifteen years at the task of making a perfect dictionary. His earlier textbooks were bringing him in a moderate income, on which he, with his simple tastes, found it easy to live. He edited the *American Almanac* from 1831 to 1843 and occasionally wrote an essay for a periodical, but his main occupation was the dictionary. At last, in 1846, there was printed his *Universal and Critical Dictionary of the English Language*, the product of long years of drudgery and concentration.

The immediate consequence was a bitter quarrel between representatives of the two lexicographers. A London publisher issued a pirated edition of Worcester's work, stating on the title page that it was "compiled from the material of Noah Webster, LL.D." The friends of Worcester protested, and there ensued a famous "Battle of the Dictionaries," carried on lustily by the publishing houses, who did not fail to get plenty of advertising out of the controversy. Webster, while he was alive, had been at odds with Worcester. The two men were essentially different in temperament. Webster wanted to change the language to suit his own theories; Worcester tried merely to present the facts. Webster was combative, aggressive, and practical; Worcester was quiet, reserved, and idealistic. The friends of Worcester found no difficulty in acquitting

him of plagiarism and in showing that his researches had been carried on quite independently of Webster.

After his long period of sustained effort, Worcester had an inevitable reaction, most painfully manifest in cataracts which appeared on both eyes so that, in 1847, he was threatened with complete loss of vision. Several operations, however, regained for him the partial sight of one eye, but the other was permanently impaired. Fortunately his courage was sustained by the gracious reception accorded his *magnum opus*. In 1847, Brown University gave him an LL.D., and he was similarly honored by Dartmouth in 1856. Yale, having presented Noah Webster with a degree in 1823, did not see fit to reward the labors of her other distinguished son and lexicographer.

In spite of serious physical handicaps, Worcester's career was not over. In 1860, when he was seventy-five, he published his huge quarto *Dictionary of the English Language*, in 1854 pages, with the innovation of illustrations. This book, pronounced by competent authorities to be the best dictionary which had appeared up to that date, is generally recognized as his most important monument. At eighty, he emulated Noah Webster in another field by editing a *Comprehensive Spelling Book*, which, while it never had the sale of Webster's *Elementary Spelling Book*—over one hundred million copies—was nevertheless very popular. Like the hero of Browning's famous poem, Worcester could not relax his labors,

> So with the throttling hands of death at strife,
> Ground he at grammar.

He died, October 27, 1865, at Cambridge, after a life of unremitting toil.

Into the relative merits of Webster and Worcester as lexicographers it is probably not wise to enter here. Webster had the supreme advantage of priority; Worcester, on the other hand, could profit by his rival's mistakes. The competition between the two dictionaries was keen. It is interesting to note that, in 1852, James S. Eaton, of the English Department at Phillips Academy, reported that the school used Worcester's *Dictionary* as "the standard authority in the Orthography and Pronunciation of the English Language." It also received the unqualified endorsement of Professors Moses Stuart and Edwards A. Park. With commendable attention to advertising possibilities, Worcester sent copies to eminent Englishmen, from many of whom, including Carlyle, Dickens, and Macaulay, he received letters of praise. Thackeray wrote him as follows:

I have had no dictionary all my life but an old (abridged) Johnson of my father's, and whenever I have consulted it have been aware of its countless shortcomings. Let me thank you for giving me this useful and splendid book, and for thinking it would be acceptable to an English man of letters who holds Boston and the States in very cordial and grateful remembrance.

From our own side of the water came a note from the venerable Josiah Quincy, who said:

Without putting on any wing of fancy, assuming no

airy stand upon Parnassus, but resting on a deeply laid rock of useful labor, you have a right as much as any poet to exclaim, *exegi monumentum aere perennius.*

Worcester was a modest and retiring scholar, whose life was spent in libraries, poring over books and consulting authorities. In manner he was reserved, and he was hesitant in his speech, as if in quest of the right word. His natural shyness had been accentuated by his rather lonely existence, for he had few friends. His qualities were substantial, not showy. He was no romantic figure, full of dash and fire; it was his function —and his pleasure—to plod doggedly along, producing one reference book after another. The lure of philological research, the joy of building an exact definition, the satisfaction of hunting a word to its origins—these were his delights. He had little originality. He imitated Jedidiah Morse in writing geographies, and he followed Webster as a lexicographer. But he had sound judgment and a sensitive critical faculty, joined with conscientiousness and an eagerness for truth. It is men of his type who bear the burdens of the world.

In character he was without a stain. He bore suffering with equanimity and aspersion without complaint. He was called by one biographer "patriotic, benevolent, and honorable." A nephew spoke affectionately of his "patience under affliction, his modesty, forbearance, gentleness, and kindness, his generosity and philanthropy, his trust in his fellow men and his faith in God." He left behind him the example of a clean high-minded life.

WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT

1798-1873

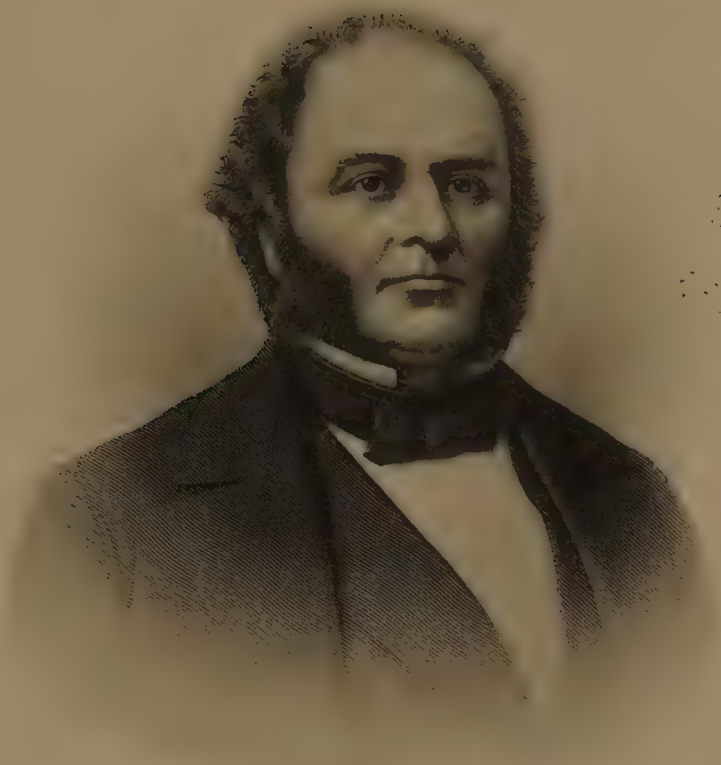
IN one of the principal plazas of the lovely city of Valparaiso, Chile, there stands to-day a bronze statue of heroic size representing a Phillips Academy graduate—William Wheelwright, of the class of 1814. The inscription cut into the granite base reads as follows:

TO WILLIAM WHEELWRIGHT—
CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES
FROM A THANKFUL PEOPLE
STEAM NAVIGATION RAILROADS
TELEGRAPHS

This tribute from the Chilean government gives in succinct language the reasons why Wheelwright is honored in that country; and the story of how a descendant of English Puritans, almost wholly Anglo-Saxon in stock, became the leading power for good among a Latin-American Spanish-speaking people is well worth relating. The details of his public career have been treated at some length in a *Life of William Wheelwright in South America*, an English translation of a Spanish biography written by Señor Alberdi, an Argentinian. Wheelwright, who looked like a phlegmatic and thoroughly conventional British merchant, was actually one of the most romantic figures of the nineteenth century—a man who courted adventure, de-

lighted in danger, was stimulated by opposition, and, through sheer dogged persistence, impressed his progressive ideas on others. There was in him something of the pioneer spirit of Cortes and Pizarro, mingled always with the passion, not only for exploring, but also for building and creating. His life is bound up for half a century with the commercial and industrial development of South America. He performed for that continent much the same kind of service that Hamilton, the West Indian, and Gallatin, the Swiss, accomplished in the United States; but, unlike them, he remained to the end a citizen of his native country.

William Wheelwright was born, March 18, 1798, in Newburyport, Massachusetts, the son of Ebenezer Wheelwright, one of the prosperous shipmasters and merchants of that seaport town. He was brought up in a noble mansion on High Street, erected by his father in 1800. There was a restless strain in the Wheelwright blood, handed down from colonial ancestors; and the boy's first lessons were in the lore of the sea, from the sailors who, between voyages, strolled idly along the wharves. At night, around the fire, he listened to the yarns spun by many an ancient mariner. As a child he was impatient of study and could not be kept long at his books—quite unlike his younger brother Isaac, who was by temperament a scholar. In some fashion, however, William went through grammar school, and, in the autumn of 1812, was sent to Phillips Academy, where he is recorded as living at "Mr. George Abbot's." A young friend from Newburyport, Robert Cross, was there at the same period; and among Wheelwright's



acquaintances must have been Horatio Greenough, later the designer of Bunker Hill Monument, and Samuel Williston, who became the founder of Williston Seminary. It was at the opening of a new administration, when Principal John Adams, full of zeal and ambition, was doing his utmost to repair the damage which the school had suffered under his incompetent predecessor. Two of William's younger brothers were there with him: the studious Isaac, who later became a clergyman and a foreign missionary; and Abraham, who died in his early manhood. William managed to stick it out at Andover for two years. Then his activity could no longer be restrained by academic bounds, and his family wisely permitted him, when he was sixteen, to leave school and go as a cabin boy to the West Indies in one of the family vessels.

A year later he shipped as a common sailor on a voyage to New Orleans. His boat was stranded on one of the Caicos Islands, the crew escaping in a leaky tub, which they had to bail out with their hats for hours before they could reach an inhabited shore. Undiscouraged by this accident, he signed articles again, only to be taken ill in the West Indies, where he nearly died of fever. Meanwhile he had been gradually rising through all the grades of seamanship, and, when he was barely nineteen, he was assigned command of a bark bound for Rio Janeiro. On the return trip he was assaulted in his bunk by a mutinous sailor and nearly killed. In 1823, when he was twenty-five years old, he went through another hazardous experience. While he was captain of the *Rising Empire*, owned by William Bart-

let, Esquire, he was wrecked on a sand-bank near the mouth of the Plata River, all the crew being saved after rowing in a long-boat for twenty-four hours. Reaching an Indian settlement, they walked to Buenos Aires, where he found himself in a foreign city, almost without funds and decidedly uncertain about his future. Had he but known it, a new period of his career was about to open.

Accepting a chance offer to become supercargo of a ship bound for Valparaiso, he made the tedious voyage around the Horn, eventually reaching Chile, which was then in the throes of a revolution. Here, in the little port of only fifteen thousand inhabitants, Wheelwright, with his prospective mind, saw immense possibilities for the future; but for the moment he pushed on to Guayaquil, in Colombia, which was then the principal harbor on the western coast. Here he engaged in foreign trade, built up a prosperous business, and was appointed United States Consul. In 1828, when his future seemed to be established, he returned to Newburyport to marry Martha Bartlet, daughter of Edmund Bartlet, Esquire. With her he was to spend forty-four years of almost untroubled happiness, often undergoing privations with her as they moved from continent to continent; but she was always serene and cheerful. Their honeymoon, spent on a return trip to Colombia, was a series of adventures, beginning with an uncomfortable voyage on a wretchedly equipped sailing packet, followed by a trip on mule back, under the burning tropical sun, across the Isthmus of Panama. But the annoyances of this journey were soon over-

shadowed by a real disaster. Reaching Guayaquil, Wheelwright discovered that, through the mismanagement of his partner, all his property, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars, had been lost. It was one of those moments which test the souls of men. Wheelwright, who still had a vivid remembrance of Valparaiso, simply packed up his goods and moved to that city, resolved to build up his fortunes again in new surroundings.

For some years Wheelwright cruised up and down the coast in a small sixty-ton schooner, which, with pardonable patriotism, he christened *The Fourth of July*. By degrees he regained his financial stability, and then turned his attention to larger projects. The time was ripe for his plans, and he was just the man to make the most of an opportunity. Valparaiso was then a poor and unprogressive city, almost cut off from the civilized world, but Wheelwright, who was himself a seaman, could see that its harbor was capable of development. He began by introducing gas and water lines, by conducting explorations in the course of which he discovered coal, saltpeter, borax, and lime, and by starting the manufacture of various products, especially brick. Then, in the year 1835, he conceived the idea of establishing a line of steamers between Europe and the Pacific Coast of South America, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, across which, of course, a railroad would have to be built. Having himself endured the hardships of the voyage around the Horn, he could see the advantages of the route across the Isthmus; furthermore the latter was for sailing vessels actually just about

half as long to a port like Valparaiso. It must be remembered that ocean navigation by steam had only just begun. As a boy of nine, Wheelwright had been present at Robert Fulton's first dramatic trip on the Hudson River in 1807; but no steam vessel crossed the Atlantic until 1833. Wheelwright's proposal was scoffed at as a madman's dream. The boys in Lima hooted after him in the streets. "There comes that insane Wheelwright again," cried the Chilean President. "Tell him I am not at home!"

Opposition, however, merely strengthened Wheelwright's will. Without asking for direct pecuniary aid from any South American country, he finally, after three years of bargaining, secured some important concessions, including an exclusive steam privilege for ten years, with liberty to put into all ports for freight and passengers. Going to England in 1837, he formed the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, with a capital of a quarter of a million pounds. Little by little he made an impression upon British bankers. On one occasion he had a chance to explain his theories to the Royal Geographic Society, and succeeded in impressing the members with his sanity. Writing his parents from Liverpool, January 1, 1838, he said:

I feel as though it were almost criminal in me to remain so long from my family, but such has been my situation that to have left would have been a complete abandonment of my project. Had I fancied for a moment the time and money that this enterprise would cost me, I should not have dreamed of undertaking it; my duty to my family and myself would have forbidden it.

Two steamers—the *Chile* and the *Peru*—of seven hundred tons each were constructed, and Wheelwright himself took passage on board one of them as Superintendent-in-Chief. They were the first steam vessels to pass through the Straits of Magellan. When the *Chile* arrived in Valparaiso, October 15, 1840, it was welcomed with a tumultuous demonstration. The entire water-front was illuminated, and crowds gathered to see what a local newspaper described as "the ponderous ships moving without sail or oar." There were still, however, many obstacles to be overcome. There was difficulty in obtaining coal, and mines had to be explored and opened up. There was trouble in working out a route across the Isthmus of Panama, and Wheelwright suffered severely from a fever which he contracted in the dense tropical forests, through which the railroad had to be built. Various concessions had to be secured from several different countries, each one conscious of its own rights and interests. No sooner was one difficulty over than another seemed to arise, and he could never be sure that he was not to be completely thwarted. In one letter Wheelwright said:

> It seems to have been determined that, if steam does succeed here, it must be in spite of innumerable obstacles. When I find myself still breasting difficulties at every step, I almost lament my success.

Not until 1844 was it possible for the Valparaiso trader to take the journey from his city to London by means of the road across the Isthmus of Panama.

Having brought this scheme to a successful conclu-

sion, Wheelwright now became interested in railroads. He had already built wharves and planned lighthouses for dangerous points along the coast; now he wished to open up the interior. Realizing the potential wealth and almost unlimited resources of that continent, he could appreciate the necessity of developing proper transportation facilities. He hesitated at nothing in the way of exploration. Once he narrowly escaped being buried in a mountain pass by a snow-slide; again he was caught in a flood which made the river rise thirty feet in a few hours and deposited him half-drowned in an isolated spot. He was attacked by robbers in Peru, stripped, and left for dead; he was almost assassinated in Chile, when a maniac struck down his companion in the street. But incidents like these left him undismayed. With shrewd strategy, he began on a small scale by constructing a line from Copiapó, a copper mining center, down to the coast, where he actually formed the new city of Coldera. Formerly the ore had been brought down by mule back, at a waste of money and time. Wheelwright personally secured a government concession, organized a company, imported engineers from the United States, and in hardly more than a year the experiment was a success. The line was formally opened in 1852.

This test having been made, Wheelwright projected other railroads, but was frequently opposed by conservatives among South American legislators. Plans for a line between Valparaiso and Santiago over the mountains and for a transcontinental road across the Andes were blocked during his lifetime, although both were

eventually completed along the scheme which he laid down. When Wheelwright discovered that the Chilean government was indisposed to undertake the thousand miles of construction from sea to sea, he moved his headquarters from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires, which he had not visited since his shipwreck in 1823. After three years of persistent argument, he finally secured a concession from Argentina permitting him to start on his project. The route between the port of Rosario and Cordova in central Argentina was surveyed, and ten miles had been completed when a war which broke out with Paraguay compelled a delay; a terrible drought was followed by deluges of rain, and a plague of locusts preceded a tornado; the entire section of 247 miles was not finished until 1870, when it was named the Great Central Railway. Wheelwright said that every yard of construction had been a battle.

One more important enterprise still remained to be accomplished in the interests of Buenos Aires. The city itself is located on the banks of the Plata, at a point where the water is so shallow that vessels cannot approach within a distance of several miles. An excellent harbor, however, lies at Ensenada, thirty miles away, and it was Wheelwright's plan to link the city and its port by a railroad. Even this idea, obvious though it seems to be to-day, was opposed by reactionaries and skeptics, and it took eight years of persistent battling to complete the task. The first sod had been turned by Wheelwright himself on February 22, 1863; the formal inauguration of the road took place on December 31, 1872. Here Wheelwright made his last public ad-

dress, pointing out the advantages which would accrue to Buenos Aires from the opening of the railway.

With steamships and railroads went necessarily the telegraph; and Wheelwright introduced into South America the marvellous instrument invented by his fellow Andover alumnus, Samuel F. B. Morse. While he was a resident of Valparaiso, he brought to that city the first transmitting and receiving apparatus ever seen there and set up an experimental line. In July, 1872, when the wires had been extended across the continent from Chile to Argentina he sent the first congratulatory message from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso; and in return he received a message from John R. Clarke, in Valparaiso as follows:

Not only steam navigation, railways, gas and waterworks, coal mines, and a number of other works introduced by you have flourished in Chile, but the first electric telegraph erected in South America by you in Chile twenty-two years ago is today extended to Buenos Aires, thus enabling the West Coast to salute gracefully the illustrious promoter of progress on both sides of the Andes.

Wheelwright had not lost touch with his birthplace. In 1835, his wife, whose health had been undermined by the unaccustomed climate, made a voyage of sixty-five days "around the Horn" in a sailing vessel back to Newburyport, taking her two little girls with her. In 1841, he purchased for his father and mother a dwelling-house on High Street, in Newburyport, which remained in the family for many years and is now the

Old Ladies' Home. In 1853, he himself made a visit to Newburyport, just before his father's death; and in 1855, on the news of his mother's critical illness, he took the long journey north once more. He had three children: Maria Augusta, who married Paul Krell, of Mecklenburg, Germany; Marian, who died while in her childhood; and William, who died in London in 1862, at the age of twenty-three.

When he was seventy-five years old, Wheelwright, worn out by a lifetime of unremitting labor, was taken ill. He embarked, by the advice of his physician, for England, where, on September 26, 1873, he died, surrounded by his family. His body was brought back to Newburyport by his son-in-law, and funeral services were held in the Old South Church—the church of his youth. Eulogistic addresses were delivered; flags were set at half-mast in the city; and a long procession followed him to his burial place among his kindred in Oak Hill Cemetery. After a career of amazing adventure, he came back at last to sleep on the quiet slopes of his native New England.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

In personal appearance, Wheelwright was a man of only ordinary height, rather inclined to corpulence. In manner he was urbane and affable, and his frankness seldom failed to inspire confidence. His habits were temperate, and he was indefatigable in his industry. Although he was constantly facing opposition, he indulged in no personal quarrels and held the friendship

of those who tried to block his projects. The difficulties which he had to surmount were often most annoying. It was the Latin-American tendency to move cautiously, and the Chileans were kept by sheer inertia from accepting new inventions. Wheelwright, whose inclination was to move speedily from one project to another, must often have been impatient; but he cultivated two essential qualities—tact and patience—and, when blocked in one direction, found an outlet for his boundless energy in another. When one studies conditions in South America as they were at that time, one is likely to admire more and more the steadfastness with which Wheelwright pursued his aim and to wonder at his accomplishment.

Although Wheelwright made large amounts of money during his lifetime, he was by no means a rich man when he died. His inflexible honesty kept him from the corruption by which he was surrounded. He once said regarding money, "Riches are only good in contributing to the wants of others, and, unless that be the first desire of the heart, they become a curse." He had no extravagant tastes or desires, and he always lived simply, even when he had the income of a prince. It has been estimated that he gave away during his lifetime more than $600,000. He was most liberal to the members of his family, including even distant relatives, and his purse was at the disposal of every worthy cause. Certainly he was a completely unselfish person, a man of truly benevolent spirit.

The most conspicuous instance of his philanthropy became known shortly after his death. With the same

far-sightedness which he had displayed in all his business relations, he determined to devote a considerable portion of his fortune to the education of young men in his native city of Newburyport. By the terms of his will, his property was to be divided into nine parts, two of which were to be set aside to establish a fund, the income of which "was to be applied to the assistance of such Protestant young men of the City of Newburyport as the Trustees shall consider deserving and meritorious, in obtaining a scientific education." The original Trustees were Caleb Cushing, Eben F. Stone, Charles G. Wood, and William B. Atkinson; and it was specified that the fifth should always be the Mayor of Newburyport for the time being. The language of the will allowed the Trustees either to erect and endow a separate scientific school in Newburyport or to defray the expenses of candidates at colleges in other places. The latter plan has wisely been chosen by the Trustees, whose present officers are Lawrence B. Cushing (President), William R. Johnson (Secretary), and Edmund D. Codman (Treasurer). During the past year the Wheelwright Fund—which now amounts to nearly $600,000—assisted fifty-two Newburyport boys to secure an education, and fifteen different institutions were represented on the list, including Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Amherst, Brown, Wesleyan, and Dartmouth. It exceeds in amount the total sum of all other donations and bequests made to the city of Newburyport. Through this unique benefaction, the name of William Wheelwright is likely to go down through the centuries, like that of John Harvard and

Ephraim Williams and Samuel Phillips, Jr., as a benefactor of mankind.

Wheelwright's mind was thoroughly practical. Like Benjamin Franklin, he had creative power, but he always liked concrete results. There was in him a kind of Yankee shrewdness which made him want to get things done. But he could have accomplished nothing if other men had not recognized his splendid character. Because people had faith in his integrity and sincerity of purpose, he could count on their support. He was, moreover, a very modest personality, always shunning publicity and seeking to operate through his agents. He was a deeply religious man, who attributed his successes to a "kind and bountiful benefactor," and was working always for the greater glory of God. Wheelwright represents the very best type of missionary—the man who spreads the blessings of civilization. He went out from this country at a time when foreign missionaries were being sent out from Andover Hill to "heathen lands." Doubtless Wheelwright, who was always humble, never viewed himself in that capacity; yet in a profound sense he brought the best features of modern civilization to an entire continent. As a consequence of his having been among them, men and women in South America enjoyed more comforts, grew more intelligent, and had happier, healthier lives. Because of his sagacious benevolence many young Americans will have opportunities for an education which might otherwise have been denied them. As a chronicler of Wheelwright's achievements, I can do little except to admire and give thanks.

THEODORE DWIGHT WELD

1803-1888

Not for thyself, but for the slave
  Thy words of thunder shook the world;
No selfish griefs or hatreds gave
  The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

—*Whittier*

IN the noble cause of anti-slavery, Phillips Academy had two of her most distinguished sons enlisted as leaders, not to mention those who served valiantly in the ranks, lending their support when it was required, but unable, for various reasons, to devote all their energies to the single task of freeing the negro. The two men thus set apart were Edmund Quincy, of the class of 1823, and Theodore D. Weld, who was in the Academy with him. It was of Weld that Samuel J. May, in his *Recollections*, said:

No one, excepting only Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, has done more for the abolition of American Slavery.

Henry Wilson, in his *The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power*, spoke of him thus:

A cogent reasoner and a glowing rhetorician, he was esteemed one of the most powerful platform speakers of his day.

Certainly Weld was one of the outstanding figures in the dramatic conflict—not always bloodless—which preceded and presaged the war between the States.

Although Weld lived to an age beyond fourscore, his career consisted of a few gloriously dramatic years and then comparative obscurity. He early wore himself out by his incessant toil, and became one of those sufferers from ill health who eventually survive all their contemporaries. He might have quoted Marvel:

> But at my back I seem to hear
> Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before me lie
> Deserts of vast Eternity.

But, as in so many similar cases, the régime of the invalid kept back the "wingèd chariot," and he attended the funerals of many apparently healthier friends.

Weld's father was the Reverend Ludovicus Weld, who entered Phillips Academy from Braintree in 1784 and graduated from Harvard in 1789. He married Elizabeth Clark and settled in Hampton, Connecticut, where their fourth son, Theodore Dwight Weld, was born, November 23, 1803. It should be added that the lad's grandfather, Ezra Weld, was for more than half a century pastor of the Congregational Church in Braintree, and that he was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards, the eminent divine. The boy thus inherited a leaning towards theology, religious discussion, and movements towards reform. He was brought up, moreover, in a spiritual atmosphere in which worldly matters had little place.

Theodore D. Weld

In 1820, when he was sixteen, his parents sent him to Phillips Academy, the school of which his father had been a graduate, and he was placed in the house of John L. Abbot, Esquire. Here he remained for two years, until trouble with his eyes compelled him to withdraw. A year or two later, with characteristic ambition, he tried the experiment of entering Hamilton College, but again poor vision prevented him from pursuing the course of study in that institution. Reluctantly he was forced to abandon his desire to become a scholar. Life had other uses for his talents.

For a few years he rested at his home, trying to regain his physical vigor. In 1830, despairing of proceeding further with his formal education, he accepted a position as paid agent of the Society for Promoting Manual Labor in Schools and Colleges, and, in that capacity, published in 1833 an interesting account of his activities. There was always in Weld something of the fanatic, and it was his natural inclination to support any radical movement.

He had not yet, however, given up hope of becoming a clergyman, and in 1833, when he was thirty, he matriculated at Lane Theological Seminary, in Walnut Hills, Ohio, in a final effort to prepare for the Christian ministry. Here he found himself at once in the midst of a controversy which was arousing nation-wide interest. The president of the institution was Dr. Lyman Beecher, father of Harriet Beecher Stowe, a man naturally of progressive tendencies. The students, however, began to discuss the slavery question, especially the desirability of supporting the Colonization Society,

which proposed to settle the issue by transferring negro slaves to some other country. Weld had already made up his mind—to quote his own words—that anti-slavery was "a cause worth dying for." Under his inspiring leadership, the Seminary undergraduates debated the topic in February, 1834, for eighteen consecutive evenings. At last the conservative Trustees, becoming alarmed at the publicity which the debate was receiving, forbade any further discussion of slavery in the Seminary. The students protested, but in vain, and at last withdrew to the number of eighty. Thirty of them, including Weld, transferred to Oberlin, where they went by invitation to form classes in a new theological department. Weld, however, was like a lion cub that has tasted raw meat. College life was too tame for his active spirit, and he withdrew to enlist as a lecturer in the anti-slavery cause. When the Anti-slavery Society was formed in 1834, he was one of the sixty-three original founders, and the youngest of the board.

For the next two years Weld was an active agent for the abolition movement, traveling over wide stretches of country and being occasionally mobbed or assaulted by people who did not agree with his vigorously expressed opinions. Once he lost all his baggage in the Alum River and was nearly drowned. At Granville, Ohio, when he was notified that the church would be burned if he lectured as advertised, he replied that he would talk from its foundations. He deliberately wore coarse and heavy clothes to avoid expense, but one entire suit and part of another were torn to pieces by mobs. It was at this time that Garrison called him

"the lion-hearted, invincible Weld," adding that he "delighted and moved all minds"; while President Joseph F. Tuttle, of Wabash College, named him "The Thunderer of the West." At this period Weld was a daring and uncompromising orator, filled with an ardent enthusiasm which frequently converted an opponent. He was one of those whom Whittier included in his lines:

> Upon us fell in early youth
> The burden of unwelcome truth,
> And left us, weak and frail and few,
> The censor's painful work to do.
>
> Thenceforth our life a fight became.
> The air we breathed was hot with blame;
> For not with gauged and softened tone
> We made the bondsman's cause our own.

Oliver Johnson, in his book *Garrison and His Times*, mentions Weld as "a man of great originality and force of character and highly esteemed for his piety and self-consecration."

In November, 1836, he appeared at a convention of anti-slavery agents in New York City, and Garrison wrote:

> About thirty of the fifty agents actually engaged were present, all of them men of talents, amiable in their manners and religious in their professions; Weld was the central luminary around which they all revolved.

During this conference, Weld was exceedingly busy.

He seldom went back to his lodgings for his meals, and he sat up every night until after two o'clock. Altogether it was a nerve-exhausting experience. He was speaking daily during the convention. Angelina Grimke, his future wife, first saw and heard him on November 11, in a two-hour speech on "What Is Slavery?" and wrote, "I never heard so grand and beautiful an exposition of the dignity and nobility of man in my life." Later she wrote to her sister:

Perhaps now thou wilt want to know how this lion of the tribe of abolitionists *looks*. Well, at first sight there was nothing remarkable to me in his appearance, and I wondered whether he was really as great as I had heard. But as soon as his countenance became animated by speaking, I found it was one which betrayed the noblest qualities of the heart and head beaming with intelligence, benevolence, and frankness.

It was during this conference that Weld spoke to a crowded meeting of colored people, on the same platform with Garrison.

The strain of his untiring toil brought its inevitable penalty, and in the following April Weld suffered a severe nervous breakdown, one consequence of which was a throat trouble from which he never fully recovered and which prevented him from further public speaking. For several months he was confined to his lodgings, and Garrison wrote, "We need the aid of his sagacious, far-reaching, active mind." Meanwhile he had become intimately acquainted with the Grimke sisters, Sarah and Angelina Emily, daughters of Judge

Grimke, of Charleston, South Carolina. These two women, although they were decidedly fanatical, became leaders in some significant nineteenth-century movements. At this period they were keenly interested in anti-slavery and also in the rights of women. Angelina, the younger of the two, had been the first woman to speak before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature and had addressed tremendous audiences in the Odeon, the largest hall in Boston, for six consecutive evenings. She was evidently much attracted to Weld from the moment of their first meeting. After a visit with him to a poor colored family, she wrote:

I have seen him shine in the Convention and in refined circles, but never did I admire him so much. His perfect ease at the fireside of poverty showed that he was accustomed to be the friend and companion of the poor of the world.

When the sisters established the Female Anti-slavery Society, they met much opposition, but they were encouraged by Weld, who cheered them in their despondency. Angelina, in her diary, says:

Yesterday T. D. Weld came up, like a brother, to sympathize with us and encourage our hearts. He is a precious Christian and bade us not to fear but to trust in God.

When the marriage between Weld and Angelina was being arranged, the latter, who was a member of the Society of Friends, felt that she could not conscientiously have the wedding celebrated by a clergyman,

and therefore the two merely plighted their troth before a group of invited friends at the home of her sister, Mrs. Frost, in Philadelphia, the ceremony being legal in Pennsylvania if witnessed by twelve persons. Weld himself, although a Presbyterian, yielded to Angelina's wishes; but even at that both she and her sister were formally disowned by the Quakers because of the marriage, and Angelina never employed the Friends' language again. Several colored persons were present at the ceremony, including a Presbyterian clergyman, who offered prayer when the service was over. William Lloyd Garrison was among the guests and read the certificate of marriage. The couple, after a visit to Weld's parents at Manlius, settled down at Fort Lee, on the Hudson, Sarah Grimke being always with them.

Three days after her wedding Angelina addressed a howling mob in Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia. On the next morning, May 17, 1838, the building was stormed and burned, the fire destroying the office of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, of which Whittier was then the editor. It was Whittier who had written of the dedication of the building two days before:

> This fair Hall and Truth and Freedom given,
> Pledged to the Right before all Earth and Heaven,
> A free arena for the strife of mind,
> To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,
> Shall thrill with echoes such as ne'er of old
> From Roman hall or Grecian temple rolled.

It was Angelina's last public address. Not long after-

ward she had an accident which permanently impaired her nervous system, and she had from that time on to avoid excitement and over-exertion of every kind. She had almost literally burned herself out, and, like her husband, she was disabled for public speaking at the very height of her powers. It seemed as if the gods were fighting against the cause of anti-slavery.

In 1839, Weld had an office in New York City, with John G. Whittier and Henry B. Stanton, and spent many hours securing anti-slavery petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia and forwarding them to Congress. In May, he published an extraordinary volume called *American Slavery as It Is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses*, in which he incorporated an amazing number of stories of cruel treatment of negroes. It created a sensation, like a modern Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, for it exposed with uncompromising frankness the brutality of the Southern plantation system. Many of the pitiful narratives were taken from accounts furnished by slave-holders themselves, and Angelina Weld was one of the contributors.

In February, 1840, Weld purchased a farm of fifty acres at Belleville, New Jersey, and removed his family to that place. There they remained for fourteen years, making a slender living by taking a few children into their home to be instructed along with their own, for they had three—two sons and a daughter. Weld became Superintendent of the Public Schools in his township. They were recognized in the community as "cranks," for they took up vegetarianism, and had just one cooking day a week, when sufficient food was pre-

pared to last for seven days. The two sisters, moreover, were among the earliest to adopt the bloomer costume, thus causing consternation among their conservative neighbors.

In 1854, Weld, who seems to have been a born teacher, established a school in Eagleswood, New Jersey, for the joint education of white and black youth. He had always insisted that the two races should mingle. When he was living in New York before his marriage, he lodged, on principle, with a colored family, even going without heat throughout one winter in order to carry out his views. He also regularly attended a colored church, merely "to show his independence." By this date he was unable to participate actively in the fight against slavery, which had been taken up by other hands; but he could maintain his convictions, in spite of denunciation and contumely.

His last move was to Hyde Park, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston, where he settled in 1864, his family being connected with Dr. Dio Lewis's school at Lexington—Sarah Grimke as housekeeper, and the Welds as teachers. Here they lived quietly for years, content at their own fireside. In 1870, the sisters agreed to try the experiment of voting at Hyde Park with a group of other advocates of Woman's Rights. Weld actually was led to make a stirring speech urging women to assert themselves; and they did vote on election day, with a curious throng looking on, although their ballots were of course not counted. Within a year or two after, Angelina suffered a slight stroke and was never again in good health. She died on October 29, 1879, and her

funeral services in Hyde Park were most impressive. She was a woman of delicate and sensitive nervous organization, thrown through her conscience into conflicts for which she was physically unfitted. She was, however, self-poised, and remained indifferent to criticism or abuse. In behalf of a good cause she was capable of any self-denial. Although she loved flowers, she would not have a garden because she thought her time could be better employed than by tending it. She underwent great fatigue and prolonged exposure without the slightest murmur. In many respects she was a pioneer among her sex and struggled for privileges which every woman now enjoys without the slightest comment. To Weld she was a noble helpmeet, supporting him in all his good works.

At the celebration of Whittier's eightieth birthday, Weld, Elizur Wright, and Arnold Buffum were the only survivors present of the famous sixty-three founders of the American Anti-slavery Society—that noble band who had seen their youthful dreams so amply realized. A year later, in 1888, he died, worn out by his long struggles. He was a man who had virtually outlived his fame. In 1903, Hyde Park observed with appropriate ceremonies the centenary of his birth.

Weld was a striking-looking man, with a mane of black hair and a powerful face. He seems to have cared almost nothing for comfort or luxury. His wife, describing some stewed apples which had burned, once wrote, "However thou knowest they were just as nice to our Theodore, who *never* complains of anything." His life was spent in benevolent acts; in lending money

to the poverty-stricken, tending the sick, and aiding the oppressed. He was said by one of his friends to be "always ready to take the heaviest end of any burden."

In 1837, when he was courting Angelina Grimke, he was drawn unwillingly into her agitation on "Woman's Rights," which she, with her sister Sarah, insisted on pushing, regardless of the harm which it was doing to his pet cause of anti-slavery. Although Garrison was in sympathy with the sisters, Whittier and Weld were not, and wrote a series of letters to them urging them to postpone their campaign. In his first letter, Weld said:

> What I advocated in boyhood, I advocate now,—that woman, *in every particular*, shares, equally with men, rights and responsibilities.

He added, however, that he regretted their having begun a series of articles in the papers on the rights of women. Both sisters deferred often to Weld's opinion, and he restrained them, by his tactful protest, from carrying the woman's rights movement too far at that particular moment.

In spite of his having been at Phillips Academy, he seems to have paid little attention to Andover after leaving here, and I can find no record of any visit of his to the Hill. Nevertheless he is an alumnus of whom the school may be proud. He fought hard for a splendid cause, and, when he died, he had

> The look of one who bore away
> Glad tidings from the hills of day.

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR.

1805-1852

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel,
Of change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many mens decay?

TIME is not always kind even to reputations that seem enduring. Recently I carried away from the Boston Athenaeum a fat and heavy volume, bound in somber black and containing 848 pages, bearing the title *Memoirs, Speeches, and Writings of Robert Rantoul, Jr.* It was edited by one Luther Hamilton in 1854. Somebody must have paid for printing this enormous tome, and the publishers, Jewett and Company, evidently hoped for a considerable sale; yet when I signed the librarian's card, I discovered that the book had not been taken out by any reader since 1901. It is clear that a study of Rantoul's career has not been of late a favorite pastime with residents of Mount Vernon Street and Louisburg Square.

Yet people have not always been indifferent to Robert Rantoul. It was his misfortune and that of his country that he died when he was just taking a leading position in national affairs. His task was only partly finished; his work seemed hardly begun. But he had, nevertheless, compelled his contemporaries to recognize

his greatness, and he left behind him an honored name. Phillips Academy has had no graduate with a more creditable record of disinterested public service.

Robert Rantoul, Jr., was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, August 13, 1805, the son of the Honorable Robert and Joanna (Lovett) Rantoul. The father, who survived his distinguished son, was for twenty-five years in the Massachusetts Legislature as a Federalist, but left that party, in 1829, to follow "wandering fires" under the leadership of Andrew Jackson. He was a contentious but idealistic soul who helped to organize the Massachusetts Temperance Society and established what was probably the first Sunday School in America (1810). Young Robert had excellent home training, supplemented by instruction at Beverly Grammar School, under the Reverend Rufus Anderson. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Phillips Academy, where he was subjected to the sound orthodoxy and rigid classical training of Principal John Adams, graduating, after three years, with the class of 1822.

It is a pity that no letters exist giving his impressions of life on Andover Hill. There is a long communication from Dr. Isaac Ray, who roomed with him at "Mr. William Foster's," but it describes Rantoul as a kind of intellectual prig, without any boyish attributes. According to Dr. Ray, the young Rantoul had "an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, which sought for gratification in every field of human inquiry."

His extraordinary mental activity was accompanied by great tenacity of memory, which enabled him to retain whatever he had once learned, and which, I be-

A. Pantoul Jr.

lieve, was never diminished in after life . . . He scrutinized very closely what he read, taking nothing on trust, and never passively adopting the conclusions of others, but using them for forming opinions of his own . . . In the political history of the country, and especially of public men, he was well versed, and made it a frequent topic of conversation. His intellectual superiority was universally acknowledged among his companions, the more readily because it was free from all pretension and conceit.

It was recalled by another classmate that he was fond of arguing for Free Trade, employing arguments which he had heard his father use. But we know nothing at all about his recreations, his boyish pranks, and his school companions, and, if he had any childish weaknesses, the years have mercifully obliterated them, leaving nothing but the memory of his high scholarship and his youthful austerity. Among his fellow-students at Andover were Nathaniel P. Willis, Isaac McLellan, Henry Durant (later president of the University of California), Osgood Johnson, William Augustus Stearns (afterwards president of Amherst College), Mark A. DeWolfe Howe (later Bishop of Central Pennsylvania), and Theodore D. Weld, the reformer and abolitionist. Probably his closest friend was Samuel Hassard, who became a clergyman in Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

At Harvard, to which he went in the autumn of 1822, Rantoul read indefatigably, but seems to have preferred traveling his own path—to such an extent, indeed, that he often absented himself for days from

his routine lectures, being occupied meanwhile with some researches of his own. Only one anecdote of this period has survived. He was chosen by his classmates as their Valedictory Poet, but delayed writing until the evening before the commencement exercises. He then set to work at his desk and remained there all night and until the procession formed the next day, at which time he appeared with a poem containing forty-four Spenserian stanzas (396 lines), which, according to the legend, "commanded profound attention and universal applause." I regret that I have been unable to discover even a quotation from this hastily composed masterpiece. Some of his other verses are printed by his biographer, but they are commonplace.

After graduating from Harvard in 1826, Rantoul spent three years in the study of law, first under the Honorable John Pickering, in Beverly, and later under the Honorable Leverett Saltonstall, in Salem. It was in 1829 that he was instrumental in founding in Beverly what was doubtless the earliest Lyceum in New England, taking part in the debates with a vigor which gained him much local prestige. Admitted to the bar in 1829, he commenced practice in South Reading, but, after two years, moved to a less restricted field in Gloucester. He had become known in 1830 through his defense of the Knapps, who were charged with the murder of a man named White. Public opinion in Essex County was strongly aroused, and the prisoners were repeatedly in danger from mob violence. It was characteristic of Rantoul that, ignoring unpopularity and broken friendship, he undertook to serve as counsel

for the defendants. He lost his case, but was strengthened in his conviction that capital punishment for any crime is a survival of barbarism.

Following in his father's footsteps, Rantoul began his political career as a Democrat, a supporter of Andrew Jackson, with a reverence for Thomas Jefferson and his principles of government and a conviction that the Constitution must be strictly construed. That by so doing he allied himself with an unpopular minority in Essex County never seems to have affected him in the slightest. In the heart of a Federalist community, he dared to declare himself a Jeffersonian. It took a large degree of courage for a young, ambitious lawyer to vote for Jackson in a section where Jackson was looked upon by the "best families" as a kind of obnoxious Yahoo, capable of any sacrilege or meanness. Yet Rantoul actually planted a Jacksonian newspaper in Gloucester, through which he assailed the United States Bank; and he served four successive terms in the Massachusetts General Court, from 1835 to 1839. In the Lower House he and his party were overwhelmingly outnumbered by the Whigs. But Rantoul soon took his logical place as leader of the minority, in which position he taught his opponents to respect him. He could be outvoted, but not out-argued, and the only refuge his adversaries had was the roll-call. He served acceptably on the Judiciary Committee and was also a member of the first commission to revise the statutes of Massachusetts; but his most conspicuous work was done as an ever-present gadfly, stinging the Whigs into fury by his fiery words.

We have seen that Rantoul, who inherited from his father a reforming spirit, early became the friend of lost causes. He was a lofty idealist, with a sincere desire to be of help to humanity; consequently he took an active and fearless interest in every measure which, as he saw it, would promote the social or economic welfare of mankind. He was accused by his enemies of being "a radical and a disorganizer"; but this, as Colonel Eben F. Stone once accurately pointed out, meant simply that Rantoul had faith in ideas rather than in institutions. He certainly would have denied the truth of Pope's dictum, "Whatever is, is Right." He objected to capital punishment, protested against a protective tariff, condemned intemperance, denounced religious bigotry, and took a firm stand against negro slavery. He even went so far as to decline invitations to public dinners at which intoxicating liquors were to be served. Wendell Phillips once described him as "a temperance, gallows-hunting Democrat in an orthodox state and a rum-Democratic party." He was much impressed with the desirability of reform in education, and this led to his appointment in 1837, by Governor Edward Everett, as a member of the first Massachusetts Board of Education, an office which he held until 1842.

Broadly speaking, Rantoul was opposed on principle to any enlargement of the sphere of governmental activity. It was instinctive for him to side with the weak against the strong, with the laboring man against the capitalist. Furthermore he never held an opinion which he was unwilling to utter or defend. He was a positive character, who committed himself whole-heartedly on

one side or the other of questions, consulting only his conscience. He never, so far as I can discover, equivocated or evaded an issue.

Rantoul's rapidly widening acquaintance and his legal ambitions led him, in 1838, to transfer his law office to Boston, the natural Mecca of successful New Englanders. Here he had to struggle against unfriendly influences, for his espousal of reform measures had made him unpopular with the "solid men of Boston." In spite of ostracism and criticism, however, Rantoul, through sheer ability, made his way to the forefront of his profession. In 1840, he appeared in behalf of the Journeyman Bootmakers' Association, which had been indicted for alleged conspiracy to raise wages, and, after a brilliant argument, won his case. In 1842, while he was defending two persons charged with complicity in the Dorr Rebellion in Rhode Island, he spoke so eloquently that even Daniel Webster, the opposing counsel, clapped his hands in applause.

In addressing a jury, Rantoul usually made no effort to stir their emotions, but relied upon a clear and forcible presentation of the strong points of his case. Rufus Choate, who was undoubtedly the ablest jury lawyer of that generation, always tried to engage the opposing counsel in direct debate, hoping that the superiority of his own alert and flexible mind would enable him to win; but Rantoul, when employed against Choate, often circumvented the latter by avoiding any clash and refusing to be drawn into controversy. A notable instance was the trial of a man named Crafts for the fraudulent wrecking of a vessel to obtain the insurance;

Rantoul, as District Attorney, merely rose and outlined the facts, declining any debate; the consequence was that Rantoul, much to Choate's disgust, obtained a favorable verdict.

In 1843, Rantoul was appointed Collector of the Port of Boston by President John Tyler, but his nomination was not confirmed by the United States Senate, which was then at odds with the Executive. In the following year, President James K. Polk named him as United States District Attorney from Massachusetts, in which capacity he served until 1849.

Rantoul's attitude towards negro servitude was in complete harmony with his other convictions. In 1838, he said:

> The institution of slavery . . . I have always regarded as a curse upon this nation, and particularly on those states within whose limits it exists. If God made of one blood all nations of the earth, slavery is an outrage on human nature.

On April 3, 1851, he declared himself in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, which had been passed with the approval of Webster and Clay, as a portion of the Compromise of 1850. On the morning of April 4, 1852, Rantoul, on his way to his Boston office from the railroad station, saw a crowd around the Court House and learned that a fugitive slave had been seized. It proved to be Thomas Sims, the first negro to be reclaimed from the soil of Massachusetts. Rantoul had already taken the ground that the problem of rendition of slaves was a matter of comity between sovereign states, with

which the Federal Government had nothing to do. He had hardly reached his desk before he was met by Charles G. Loring, a prominent member of the Massachusetts Bar, with whom he went at once to the Court House. Within a few minutes and without any preparation, Rantoul opened the argument for Sims's defense before George T. Curtis, the United States Commissioner. His presentation of the negro's cause was said by those present to be clear and thoughtful; but it was of no avail, for the Commissioner, on April 11, sustained the statutes on all points involved. Later, when Samuel E. Sewall, Charles Sumner, and Richard Henry Dana, Jr., joined in an effort to secure a writ of *habeas corpus* for Sims, Rantoul was associated with them. Sims was eventually escorted by three hundred armed policemen to the brig *Acorn* and sent off to his master. Rantoul's advocacy of this negro's cause was one of the noblest acts of his life.

There is no reason for enumerating the various business enterprises in which he participated. It may, however, be of interest to point out that he helped to organize and incorporate the Illinois Central Railroad. He drafted the original charter of the company and procured its passage through the Illinois Legislature in the face of a vigorous opposition headed by Abraham Lincoln.

But Rantoul was not yet by any means done with politics. In July, 1850, Daniel Webster resigned his seat as United States Senator in order to become President Fillmore's Secretary of State, and Robert C. Winthrop was appointed by the Governor to fill the

vacancy. When the new Massachusetts Legislature met in January, 1851, there were two senatorial seats to be filled. By a coalition between the Democrats and Free Soilers, George S. Boutwell, a Democrat, was elected Governor, and Rantoul was chosen United States Senator for the brief months of Webster's original term. In the contest for the full Senatorial term, Winthrop, a Whig, was pitted against Charles Sumner, the candidate of the coalition, the latter being elected after twenty-six close ballots. Rantoul was in Illinois on business and did not return until the session was nearly over. He took his oath of office on February 22, 1851, sitting in the Senate Chamber less than two weeks and having no opportunity to speak on any of the important issues then under debate.

On April 7, 1851, at a special election, Rantoul was elected to Congress from the Second Massachusetts District by the same combination of Free Soilers and Democrats, receiving 3,152 votes to his opponent's 48. Although he was still nominally a Democrat, his attitude on the Fugitive Slave Law was gradually estranging him from the Southern wing of his party, headed by Caleb Cushing, which refused to make any alliance or compromise with Free Soilers and which had steadfastly voted against Charles Sumner for Senator. Rantoul appeared in Washington for the opening session of the thirty-second Congress, his first speech being a brief eulogy of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, then a visitor in the United States. On January 24, 1852, he made a spirited reply to Davis, of the Sixth Massachusetts District, who had denounced the "in-

famous coalition" by which Rantoul had been elected to the Senate and later to the House of Representatives. In this debate his declaration that the Fugitive Slave Law was unconstitutional brought down upon him the unrestrained wrath of many of his Southern colleagues. The point was rapidly being reached when Rantoul would have found himself completely out of sympathy with the majority of his party.

Indeed he was soon to feel the whip of Democratic discipline. He had been chosen as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, which assembled at Baltimore, June 1, 1852. Although his credentials were in perfect order, he was excluded from the convention by a conspiracy of his enemies, and his seat was given to Lord, a more orthodox Democrat. Rantoul protested, but to no avail. He did not, however, leave the party, and, on July 8, when he was greeted by his constituents in Salem, he declared himself publicly to be for Pierce and King,—nominees of the convention which had rejected him. It was a fine exhibition of party loyalty, but he occupied a position which he could not much longer logically maintain.

His problems, however, were soon to be settled by a higher power than this. He returned to Washington, tired, but apparently in excellent health and spirits. On August 2, he became aware of a slight irritation on his forehead. Two days later erysipelas developed and it was soon evident that he was critically ill. He died peacefully on August 7, 1852, in his forty-seventh year. His eulogy was pronounced in the House by Horace Mann and in the Senate by Charles Sumner.

He was carried to his last resting-place in the burial ground in Beverly, where an inscription written by Sumner marks his tomb. He left behind him, as one of his contemporaries phrased it, "the record of a laborious and blameless life."

Rantoul was married, August 3, 1831, to Jane Elizabeth Woodbury, who survived him. By her he had two sons, Robert S. Rantoul, a well-known antiquary, and Charles W. Rantoul. Several of his descendants are still living in New England.

Rantoul was a bookish man, with small knowledge of the devious ways of politics and business. It is said that he read in college about five hundred pages a day, outside of the assigned lessons in his various courses,—which, as we have seen, he often neglected. His memory for facts and figures was amazing, and he was a patient and thorough investigator in unusual fields, such as medieval French history and metaphysics. An anecdote repeated in his time illustrates the comprehensiveness of his mind. Cushing, Sumner, and Rantoul were once in Rantoul's office in Boston, discussing the Hungarian question, then uppermost in peoples' thoughts. Cushing took the Austrian side, and the other two spoke for the Hungarians. For a few minutes the three talked with equal facility and mastery of the complications involved. But when the conversation broadened and included European politics, Sumner, relapsing into silence, left his side in Rantoul's hands, with the result that Rantoul and Cushing continued the debate for an hour longer, each displaying remarkable familiarity with all the issues and personalities

connected with the question. That Rantoul was able to hold his own with Cushing in a field in which the latter was admittedly one of the leading authorities of his generation is sufficient proof of his learning.

Colonel Eben F. Stone, who once made an interesting comparison of Choate, Cushing, and Rantoul,—all Essex County men,—describes the last-named as Celtic in temperament,—quick, impulsive, and idealistic. He was decidedly pleasing in his appearance and personality. A slender figure of medium height, delicate rather than robust, he had a handsome face, with dark eyes, broad forehead, and greyish black hair. His complexion was sallow, and he had the bearing of an indoor man, little accustomed to physical exercise; but he was alert with vitality.

In manners he was modest, simple, and retiring. In conversation he was disposed to listen rather than to speak, and he never took part in small talk or trivial gossip. His attainments were not showy, but substantial. In legislative or deliberative bodies he attracted attention at once. His voice, high-pitched and even squeaky, was probably much like Roosevelt's, but, like Roosevelt, he compensated for its weakness by his enthusiasm and ardor. Whittier once wrote a description of him as he spoke in the Massachusetts Legislature:

> You would notice a slightly framed young man—carelessly dressed, in comparison with the dandyism which represents degenerate Boston,—pale, dark, and thought-worn, watching intently the progress of debate . . . Suddenly you find him on his feet . . . All eyes are turned towards him. His fine intellectual head is

thrown back over his left shoulder,—his sallow cheek kindles and glows with excitement,—his right hand (his left is thrust rather ungracefully into his pantaloons pocket) flung ever and anon impetuously forward, or shaken at his antagonist with a single extended finger.

He was not in any sense a spectacular or dramatic orator, like Webster, but his words had in them a ring of sincerity which was appealing. For several years he was a popular speaker on the Lyceum stage, his subjects usually dealing with matters of reform.

In his private life he was gracious and charming, with no affectations. His dress, we are told, was neat, but always severely plain. He was modest and retiring by nature, and found his enduring pleasures in his home. Even when he had become a distinguished personage, he kept his youthful heart and found joy in simple things. In his bearing, even towards his enemies, he was invariably a gentleman, courteous, tactful, and even-tempered.

If Rantoul had lived, he would have occupied an important strategic position as the only man who could have lent inspiration to both Democrats and Free Soilers. Some historians have felt that he might have sat beside Sumner in the United States Senate. But it is difficult to believe that he could have remained a Democrat after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. It is probable that his aversion for slavery and his increasing distrust of Southern influence would have carried him into the Republican camp, perhaps in

1856, and certainly in 1860. It is certain that he could never have supported the Dred Scott decision.

John Greenleaf Whittier, who knew and admired Rantoul, realized that the latter's mission was to uphold the cause of human freedom; and he wrote a poem upon him, a few stanzas of which may well be quoted as showing the hope which people placed in him and the sorrow which Massachusetts felt at his untimely death:

Dead! he so great, and strong, and wise,
While the mean thousands yet drew breath;
How deepened, through that dread surprise,
The mystery and awe of death!

Through him we hoped to speak the word
Which wins the freedom of a land;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or failed;
The calm star clomb with constant will,
The restless meteor flashed and paled.

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,
And, sad of heart, return to stand
In silence by a new-made grave.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS STEARNS

1805-1876

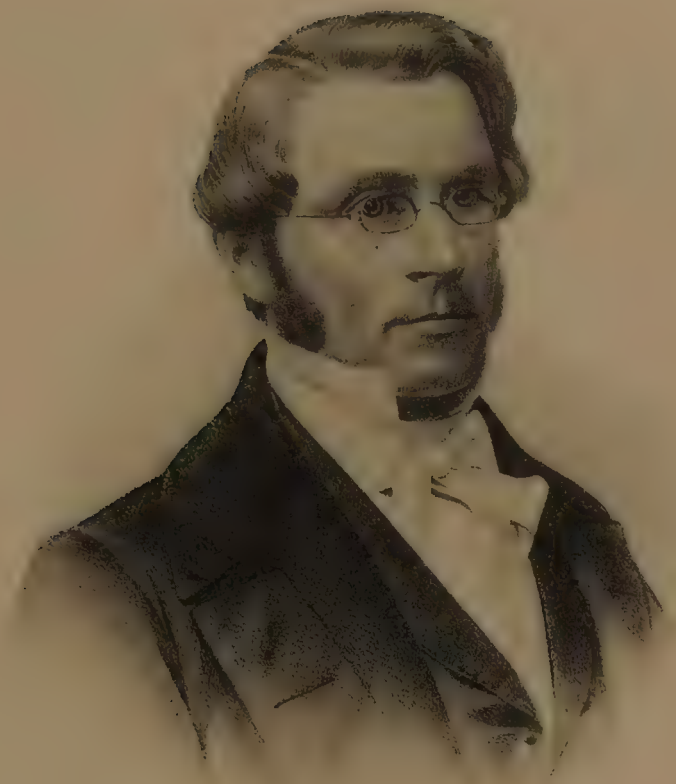
OUR most recent biographers have tended to choose their subjects from among spectacular figures—adventurers like Burr and Napoleon III, charlatans like Barnum, egotists like Beau Brummell and John L. Sullivan, and fanatics like Brigham Young. It is doubtless less fatiguing to compose cynical epigrams about erratic or unconventional people than it is to analyze a more normal soul; furthermore the unusual attracts the eyes of the public and can be relied upon to bring in royalties. Sometimes in reading page after page of this ironic literature we lose our sense of proportion and forget that much of the world's progress is brought about by less flaring personalities, who with unswerving purpose have done the day's work faithfully, indifferent as to whether or not they were making themselves picturesque. It is with a leader of this type that we are now to deal,—a thoroughly healthy, self-controlled man, who, without a trace of morbidity, left behind him a record of substantial achievement and the enduring memory of a noble life. We must forgive him for not being dramatic. He was too honest, too open-hearted, ever to think of assuming a pose.

William Augustus Stearns was the fine product of a New England stock which could be traced back to the

Mayflower and the earliest Massachusetts settlers. His family from the very beginning of Phillips Academy, was connected with it. On the original board of trustees as named by the founders was the Reverend Josiah Stearns (1732-1786), a Harvard graduate who had settled in Epping, New Hampshire, only a few miles from Exeter, and had been a delegate to the Provincial Congress. He became an intimate friend of Dr. John Phillips, who respected him highly and selected him as one of his nominees for the board. He resigned that office in 1781, after only three years of service.

His son, Samuel (1770-1834), attended the Phillips Exeter Academy,—which was conveniently near his home,—and then went to Dartmouth and Harvard, graduating from the latter college in 1794. He resided in Andover for a year, partly as an instructor in Phillips Academy, but also as a student of divinity, under the Reverend Jonathan French, who was conducting in his household an informal theological seminary. The young Samuel promptly fell in love with his preceptor's handsome daughter, Abigail French,—who had the additional recommendation of being a direct descendant of John Alden in both her father's and her mother's line,—married her in due season, and accepted a pastorate in Bedford, Massachusetts, a little farming community on the banks of the Concord River, some fifteen miles southwest of Andover. Those were not restless days for clergymen, and he occupied the pulpit there until his death.

In this Bedford parsonage five sons and six daughters were born and brought up to adult age. The boys



W. C. A. Stearns.

were sent one after another to Phillips Academy, Andover, where they were excellent scholars. Samuel Horatio Stearns, the eldest, graduated from Phillips Academy in 1819, took a degree from Harvard in 1823, completed a course at Andover Theological Seminary, and was ordained as pastor of the famous Old South Church in Boston; after preaching for three Sundays, he broke down, and died a few years later in Paris, after vainly seeking health in foreign climes. Another son, Jonathan French Stearns, graduated from Phillips Academy in 1826, and from Harvard in 1830, attended Andover Theological Seminary, was a clergyman for a long period in Newburyport, Massachusetts, and in Newark, New Jersey, and finally died, full of well-earned honors, in 1889. The fourth son, Josiah Atherton Stearns, became a teacher and ended his days as Principal of the Norcross School for Girls in Boston. The youngest, Eben Sperry Stearns, graduated from Phillips Academy in 1837, and became the head of various schools, including at one time Robinson Female Seminary, in Exeter. He was eventually President of the State Normal School in Nashville, Tennessee.

William Augustus Stearns, the second son and fourth child, was born on Sunday, March 17, 1805, and carried on the day of his birth, through the winter snows to the cheerless, unheated meeting-house, where he was baptized and dedicated to the Lord's service. With his brothers and sisters he was brought up in an atmosphere of manual labor, study, and piety. He was expected to join his father in the fields—piling up stone walls, felling trees, digging drainage ditches, and

transforming rocky acres into smooth pasture land. But his intellectual development was not blocked. At the age of six, we are told, he recited the Assembly's Shorter Catechism before his father's congregation; when he was fourteen, while toiling in the hayfield, he memorized in one week the entire Gospel of St. Luke; finding the family Latin Grammar, he learned the first lesson and asked his mother to hear him answer questions upon it. He was not a strong lad physically, but he had an indomitable will and his ambition drove him on.

It was this determination which gained for him his education. The Reverend Samuel Stearns, temporarily discouraged in his efforts to maintain a growing family on a salary of $500 and twenty cords of wood, had hesitated about sending the boy to Phillips Academy. At last young William Augustus inquired whether anything had been done to make application for his entrance. "No, my son," said the clergyman. "We have been waiting a long time to see our way, but Providence does not seem to open the door." "I believe, father, that Providence will never open it until you knock," answered the boy. To such logic there was only one reply; and so, at the age of fifteen, he was driven across country, through Woburn and Tewksbury and Billerica, to Andover Hill, where he was lodged with his grandmother, Mrs. Jonathan French, who was still residing in the town after the death of her husband.

It was the autumn of 1820—a time when there was something at Andover Hill which produced, or at least encouraged, great men. Principal John Adams was at

the height of his amazing career—a resolute, aggressive, somewhat intolerant teacher, who had no patience with failure. He was a man fiercely vigilant for the faith, who had no doubt as to the efficacy of revivals as a means of spiritual regeneration. In his senior year, Stearns, with many of his comrades, underwent the experience of "conversion" and made public confession of his faith. When later he became President of Amherst College, he established there revivals of the kind which he had known at Andover.

Among those who entered Phillips Academy with Stearns in 1820 were Osgood Johnson (later principal of that school), Theodore Weld (the future anti-slavery reformer), Isaac McLellan, the poet, and Timothy Dwight Porter Stone, who became principal of Abbot Academy and of other schools. Nathaniel Parker Willis, Horatio B. Hackett, and Ray Palmer were among his friends. Stearns was known even then as an assiduous student, who pored unceasingly over his books; indeed he suffered a permanent injury to his eyes as a consequence of a too diligent study of Greek by lamplight.

The pursuit of knowledge thus begun at Andover was continued at Harvard, where he graduated in 1827, the third scholar in his class. The lack of money in the Stearns family obliged him to practice the strictest economy; he usually walked to and from Cambridge to his Bedford home, he taught school during the winter for a pittance of twenty-five dollars a month, and he spent absolutely nothing on personal pleasure. Once, when he found himself unable to pay

his college bills, President Kirkland—like himself, a Phillips graduate,—canceled them, and the young man abandoned his plans for withdrawal. But even with these handicaps his record was most creditable. His classmate, Edmund Quincy, said of him:

> His recitations were always perfect and in Latin and Greek the most elegant, as well as correct, of any, in my opinion. I always thought he should have had the English Oration (the first appointment) at Commencement.

Like his older brother, he went directly from Harvard to Andover Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1831, in the class with Professor Edwards A. Park. He seems to have made himself known among his classmates as a man of independent judgment, but of consummate tact. He displayed also a gift which never left him,—that of addressing an audience with grace and persuasive power. His friends have left a record of his "mild and winning address" and his "true urbanity."

At the close of his seminary course Stearns accepted a unanimous call to the Prospect Street Congregational Church in Cambridge, where he was formally ordained on December 14, 1831. Reasonably sure now of making a living, he married, on January 10, 1832, Rebecca Alden Frazer, of Duxbury, whom he had met during a few months while he had taught in Duxbury Academy. For the next twenty-three years he was a leading figure in Cambridge, and his reputation grew, not by leaps and bounds, but steadily, as befitted a man of his tem-

perament. When he assumed his charge, the church was insignificant in size, and it was felt by most of his friends that he was burying his talents in a place which offered little opportunity for development. But he quickly won the affection of his parishioners, aroused their interest in church affairs, and brought in many new members. His sermons were sufficiently orthodox in their doctrines, including the familiar Calvinistic dogmas of Election, Regeneration, the Resurrection of the Body, the Everlasting Happiness of the Righteous, and the Everlasting Punishment of the Wicked; but he stressed particularly the importance of well-rounded character and Christian patriotism. As the church prospered, the building was enlarged, and eventually an entirely new edifice was erected. Altogether he had reason to feel that his efforts had been rewarded by success. He himself had built a house, set out a garden, planted an orchard, and prepared to settle down for life in his parish, as his father and his grandfather had done before him.

Meanwhile, however, his fame had been spreading to a wider circle. Those of his sermons which had been printed,—especially one delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery,—had been warmly commended, and at political meetings his eloquence had not suffered by comparison with that of Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett. A little volume of his on *Infant Church Membership* (1844) seems to have made an impression on the Congregationalist clergy and to have stimulated discussion on matters which to the average layman appear highly technical. It is not without sig-

nificance that he was chosen in 1848 as an Overseer of Harvard College and made chairman of the Cambridge School Committee, and that Harvard conferred upon him in 1853 the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

But in human affairs Destiny is always to be reckoned with. In 1854, Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who had been since 1845 President of Amherst College, resigned the position on account of ill health. The Amherst Trustees, meeting on August 7, elected as his successor the Reverend William Augustus Stearns, who had been highly recommended by Professor Edwards A. Park. Thus it was that Stearns was confronted with the necessity of making a momentous decision. He was forty-nine years old, located in a delightful community near excellent schools for his children; he was in a society which was congenial, among people who were satisfied with his ministrations. Nevertheless, after prayerful consideration, he resolved to make the change and move to the secluded and somewhat provincial village of Amherst—a place which up to that time he had never visited.

During the autumn of 1854, Dr. Stearns transported his family and his household goods to Amherst, where he was soon installed in the beautiful brick residence which had been built in 1835 for the President's occupancy. On November 22, were held the exercises connected with his inauguration, after which, in the evening, the undergraduates illuminated the dormitories, blazoning "Welcome to Dr. Stearns" in brilliant letters across the front of North College. The new President took the opportunity to sketch his theory of

education, the aim of which he outlined as a combination of physical, intellectual, moral, and religious development. He concluded by putting aside his carefully prepared manuscript and saying:

Young gentlemen, your highest attainment is the attainment of right relations towards God, and a concordance with the other harmonies of the universe. There is one great CENTRAL LIFE whose pulsations are beating through all created worlds. When in addition to a profound and brilliant scholarship, attended with high moral and social excellence, and wise physical self-control, you come into sympathy with this GREAT LIFE, so that your spirit answers to that spirit, as the pulsations of the wrist keep time with those that are throbbing in your heart, then will you be truly educated, then will you have reached the highest order of man.

By this date Amherst College, after a heart-breaking struggle for existence during its early years, had become firmly established, and, thanks largely to President Hitchcock, had acquired a substantial endowment. It was Dr. Stearns's glorious achievement that he added greatly to the available funds of the institution and left it altered from every aspect for the better. Regarded formerly chiefly as an eloquent preacher, he now displayed marked executive ability, together with the art of interesting influential and wealthy men in the college and its welfare. On the day of his inaugural a gift of $10,000 was announced from the estate of Samuel Appleton for the erection of a cabinet of Natural History; and this was but the first of a long

succession of donations, amounting during his administration to a total of more than $800,000.

This enlargement of resources was the more amazing because only a small proportion—to be exact, $52,500—was received in the form of grants from the Massachusetts Legislature. The largest share came from Dr. Walker, for whom Walker Hall at Amherst is named, who at different times gave sums aggregating $100,000 and left in his will a bequest which realized more than $150,000. Dr. Stearns's own experience had made him especially sympathetic with ambitious but indigent undergraduates. When he took office, the college did not control a single endowed scholarship; when he died, it possessed more than fifty, with incomes ranging from forty to two hundred dollars each. During the same period the Trustees acquired prize funds providing annually more than one thousand dollars.

A more visible indication of progress was the increase in the number of college buildings. Appleton Cabinet (1855), Williston Hall (1858), East Dormitory (1858), and Walker Hall (1870) all date from President Stearns's time. In 1867, moreover, College Hall—formerly the First Congregational Church—was purchased by the Trustees; and in 1870, largely through the generosity of William French Stearns,* the Presi-

* William F. Stearns (1834-74) was born in Cambridgeport, entered early into the East India trade, amassed a considerable fortune, and gave liberally to philanthropic and religious causes. He aided David Livingstone in fitting out his last African expedition, and helped to support the American Board of Foreign Missions during the Civil War. His premature death at the age of thirty-nine was a crushing blow to his father.

dent's oldest son, who donated nearly fifty thousand dollars to the project, the College Church was completed and dedicated. Thus it was that Amherst College underwent a marvellous transformation—one which, in the words of Professor Tyler, changed it from brick to granite.

President Stearns, who owed his good health to regular exercise, was a consistent advocate of physical training and used his influence to persuade the Trustees to put his theories into operation. In his inaugural address he said:

> Physical education is not the leading business of college life, though were I able, like Alfred or Charlemagne, to plan an educational system anew, I would seriously consider the expediency of introducing regular drills in gymnastic and calisthenic exercises.

For some years he continued to stress this matter in his annual report, with the result that, in 1859, a committee voted to proceed with the erection of Barrett Gymnasium, the first structure of its kind in the United States. When it was opened in 1860, in charge of Dr. John W. Hooker, Amherst became a pioneer in the field of physical education. In August, 1861, Dr. Hooker was succeeded by Dr. Edward Hitchcock,—known to many generations of Amherst men as "Old Doc,"—who introduced the modern system of required athletics. The faculty without a single exception testified to the improved health of the undergraduates resulting from the adoption of this plan.

The present Headmaster of Phillips Academy, Alfred Ernest Stearns, is his son.

President Stearns, while not a fanatical abolitionist, was a vigorous anti-slavery advocate, and at Cambridge had befriended many members of the colored race, including the "Prof Charlie" who later became one of Amherst's fixed institutions. When the Civil War broke out, Dr. Stearns took the lead in every loyal movement in Amherst. On the Sunday following the fall of Fort Sumter, there was a meeting on the campus, at which Frazer Augustus Stearns, the President's son, was the first to enlist. Assigned later to the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, he was wounded at Roanoke Island, recovered, and was killed at Newberne, March 14, 1862, while rallying his men to the charge. His body was brought back to Amherst, where he was buried, March 22, the entire undergraduate body marching in the funeral procession. The death of "Adjutant" Stearns—as he was familiarly called—was a dramatic event to the college men of that time and was commemorated by his father in an interesting little book. Andover men will be proud to know that this young hero was for three months a student in Phillips Academy, being forced to withdraw because of impaired health.

As we have already indicated, President Stearns was a deeply religious man who felt a definite responsibility for the souls of the young men under his charge. He conducted most of the religious meetings in the college, and his extemporaneous sermons won him the highest praise from judicious contemporaries. His prayers never failed to make a profound impression upon his hearers. On this point Professor Tyler said:

We who heard him day after day, week after week, and year after year, were astonished, not only at the inexhaustible variety and richness of his prayers, but at their perfection, both in regard to matter and manner.

He was especially interested, however, in "revivals," and they occurred frequently during his administration. He did not encourage the employment of professional evangelists, but he did believe in "awakenings," which in some years at least seemed to arise voluntarily and spontaneously among the students themselves. In 1858, after a prolonged outburst of religious fervor, he announced that all but twenty of the undergraduates had been converted, and that they had all received "a fresh baptism of the Spirit." A year later he wrote:

The religious life of the College seems to me to have been, and still to be, of a much higher character since the winter of 1858, than it was at any time since my first acquaintance with it. The students appear not only more attentive to religious meetings, and more generally correct in Christian deportment, but to have much more confidence in the Faculty and a greater desire to conform cheerfully to their requirements. The disposition to mischief has been meliorated, and for a year and a half past the public damages have been so small that no extra charge has been made in the regular College bills.

A revival during the winter and spring of 1876, just before his death, was regarded by him and by his colleagues as being the most remarkable ever known at Amherst College. But it was not merely special dem-

onstrations of this kind which pleased the President. He found satisfaction in the consciousness that the spirit of the college seemed to be sound. In 1869, by a wise edict, he abandoned evening prayers in the chapel, and the increased interest in morning prayers quite justified his action. He was always at the disposal of students who were troubled by doubts, and his course for seniors on Modern Forms of Skepticism and Unbelief was regarded by them as most stimulating.

Shortly after Dr. Stearns removed to Amherst, Mrs. Stearns was taken ill and died in the mid-summer of 1855, after a prolonged illness. Of the six children who were left behind, two sons, as we have seen, died before their father. Two of the daughters married Amherst graduates, both clergymen, and the eldest child, Eliza Chaplin Stearns, remained a spinster. In 1857, President Stearns married Olive Coit Gilbert, of Providence, Rhode Island, who was an admirable mistress of his household and an affectionate mother to his children.

In 1871, when Amherst College had reached its fiftieth year, a committee was appointed by the Trustees to arrange for a semi-centennial celebration. The program was carried out at commencement, with over seven hundred alumni present,—about one-half the entire number of living graduates. With the oratorical lavishness of those days, speeches were delivered by the score. President Stearns himself made the Address of Welcome, and Professor William S. Tyler, later the historian of the college, read an Historical Discourse. Altogether it was a momentous occasion, and the cen-

ter of it all was President Stearns, the one to whom most of the prosperity was undoubtedly due.

In the spring of 1876, President Stearns, who had recently passed his seventieth birthday, felt far from well. Some premonition of the end led him to prepare his resignation to be submitted to the Trustees at commencement. One morning he attended chapel as usual, said prayers, and then, returning to his house, passed away peacefully, withdrawing from his earthly labors as if he were departing to some far country. His funeral was held on June 13, 1876, in the College Church. A year later, in June, 1877, Professor William S. Tyler delivered a Commemorative Discourse, in which he dealt with the career and accomplishments of President Stearns. From that address, which was both just in tone and comprehensive in scope, much of the material in this article is drawn.

In personality, according to Professor Tyler, Dr. Stearns displayed "a perfect balance of all his powers and faculties." As a teacher he was not markedly successful, and, realizing his weakness, he soon gave up his original plan of conducting several courses in the college. He was much better fitted for directing and encouraging subordinates, for administering government with the minimum of friction, for choosing others to carry out specific kinds of work. His particular gift, furthermore, was rather for dealing with men in the mass than for meeting them as individuals. He had difficulty in remembering names and faces, even at alumni gatherings, and was consequently often em-

barrassed. But before an audience he was always at ease and never failed to move his hearers.

Although he was a scholar by temperament and training, his real strength was moral and spiritual rather than intellectual. Always courteous and modest, he made others realize his kindness of heart—for he invariably gave to everybody the same fairness of treatment. In disciplinary matters he was ordinarily mild, but he was roused to severity by deceit or evasion. He was always generous in his charities and magnanimous in his estimates of others. He had an ineradicable confidence in the power of God to adjust all the infelicities and discords of this world.

Personally he was attractive, with a fondness for order and decorum. He believed in observing all the conventional proprieties and his tastes were always refined. He introduced into the ceremonies of the college a stately dignity which had hitherto been lacking, even to the extent of wearing a cap and gown on all formal occasions. He insisted on the respect which was due to his high office.

We have dealt to only a slight degree with the honors which he earned outside his own college. He was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, a trustee of Phillips Academy and Andover Theological Seminary, and President for seventeen years of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society. He received in 1862, from the College of New Jersey, the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and he originated the Convention of New England Colleges.

Although only twenty-two years of his career were spent at Amherst, William Augustus Stearns is best judged by what he did for that college. His administration was a period of expansion, during which the number of students steadily increased, from 201 in 1854 to 338 in 1876. It was a time of comparative quiet, when outbreaks of students and controversies between undergraduates and faculty were rare indeed. It was an era of progress, of prosperity, and of increasing efficiency. In the words of Professor Tyler, President Stearns, after President Hitchcock resigned, became "just the leader that was needed to supplement his work, to preserve, balance, and polish all that was worth preserving in the old, and, adding much that was new, to carry on the work towards perfection."

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

1806-1867

A SNOB and a fop, a dilettante and an Epicurean, a philanderer and a gossip, a scribbler of light verses and chatty essays, a Puritan by inheritance but a Cavalier by temperament—what a strange product for the Phillips Academy of Principal John Adams! And yet Nathaniel Parker Willis, graduate in the class of 1823, was all of these things, and more. Jaunty and complacent, frivolous and irresponsible, romantic and sentimental, he became the most popular literary figure of what Minnigerode has termed the "Fabulous Forties." Converted to religion at Andover when he was a child of fifteen, he gained a reputation in college for his poetry on scriptural subjects; and then, at the age of twenty-three, he was formally excommunicated from the Park Street Church in Boston on two specific and equally heinous charges—"absence from the communion of this church and attendance at the theatre as a spectator." He was implicated in a bloodless duel with the irascible Captain Marryat; he was innocently involved in the notorious Forrest divorce suit; he traveled widely, even to Constantinople and the Far East; he was twice married, each time happily; and his declining years were beset by poverty, bereavement, and disillusion. In short Willis's career throughout was

spectacular and adventurous, with elements of both farce and tragedy.

Willis's face, if we may believe those who were acquainted with him, revealed the personality within. His portraits show his ruddy, almost dimpled cheeks, his light brown hair waving in "luxurious abundance," his languorous grey eyes sleeping under heavy lids, his full lips, and a rather petulant expression—decidedly what is known as a "soft" man. He had what was then spoken of as a "handsome figure," and he was invariably dressed, as Holmes phrased it, "with artistic elegance." Although he had a keen appetite for sensuous enjoyment, he was not vicious; and when he once described himself as "lost in the mazes of pleasure and folly," he meant nothing criminal. Harriet Martineau emphasized what she called his "unparalleled complacency," as he whipped his little bright boot with a little bright cane. He had to make his way by sheer cleverness and alertness of mind. He referred often to "the quicksilver spirit which my mother gave me," and he added, "Whatever I accomplish must be gained by ardor, not by patience." His resemblance to Lord Byron, occasionally mentioned, was only superficial,—he could conceivably have been the *cicisbeo* of the Countess Guiccioli, but he could never have died for the freedom of a subject nation. There was little heroism in Willis. He was quite content to be a drawing-room favorite.

Those critics of our literature who rely on British analogies often define Bryant as a feeble Cowper, Cooper as a crude and unpolished Walter Scott, and

Whittier as an evangelical Burns. Such judges sometimes refer casually to Willis as a kind of milk-and-watery Byron, a New England Byron, checked by inhibitions and a conscience. But, although Willis did deliberately imitate the Englishman, he could not catch the trick of naughtiness which made *Don Juan* sell so extensively. The American is far more like Leigh Hunt —a journalist, whose unmistakable talent was marred by affectation and vulgarity. Hunt's famous line about "a lovely woman in a rural spot" might well have been composed by Willis.

As a writer, Willis possessed the fatal gift of fluency. His talent was devoted to pleasing the mob; finding it easy to delight people with his wit and facile talk, he was satisfied with this achievement. The goods on his counter were for immediate consumption. He had that extraordinary versatility which so often accompanies superficiality. He tried his hand at poetry, the drama, the essay, the novel, and the short story, and, when he failed, as he now and then did, he merely took another sheet of foolscap and experimented with something else. His genius was like a little river, rippling, bubbling, singing along, shifting now in one direction and now in another, but usually running over shallows,—frothy at times and almost dried up, but always dashing on. In our time he would inevitably have become a "columnist" in a daily newspaper, drawing a high salary for his quips and conceits. He was the perfect mirror of an age of red velvet albums and rococo decorations, of artificiality and sham, of prudery and pruriency, of conventionality and coarseness,—the United States of 1850.

Willis's trend towards journalism came by inheritance, for his grandfather and his father were both newspaper editors and printers. The father, Nathaniel Willis, a publisher of tracts and devotional pamphlets, was also responsible for two interesting projects,—the Boston *Recorder* (often claimed to be the earliest religious newspaper in the world) and *The Youth's Companion*, which he started in 1827. The mother, Hannah Parker, was a woman of kindly nature and sincere piety. Young Nathaniel was born, January 20, 1806, in Portland, Maine, "a fine fat baby, with a face as round as an apple," the second in a family of nine children, all of whom reached maturity. When he was six, the family moved to Boston, where he was brought up in a Puritan home, in which such dissipations as dancing and card-playing were under the ban. Deacon Willis, of the Park Street Church on Brimstone Corner, would have shuddered if he could have known the type of social butterfly into which his eldest boy was eventually to be transformed. An uncompromising Calvinist, he suspected both the Boston Latin School and Harvard University of being Unitarian in their doctrines, and accordingly sent his son to the more orthodox Phillips Academy, Andover, in the autumn of 1821.

Of the forty-four students who matriculated at Andover during that year, seventeen became clergymen. Principal John Adams had supreme confidence in the efficacy of revivals for reclaiming the souls of the unregenerate. Willis himself underwent the experience of conversion, the details of which he recounted graphically to his father. Revivals on Andover Hill in those

times occurred like spiritual epidemics, running their course through some tense and agonizing weeks and then dying down. Shortly after he entered the academy, when he was only fifteen, Willis's attention was drawn to the state of his soul, but he did not consider himself worthy of becoming a church member. In the winter of 1822, the small boy wrote:

As to becoming a Christian, it is morally *beyond my power*. I have not an objection against it that would weigh a feather, and yet I feel no more solicitude than I ever did about my eternal welfare.

In that atmosphere, however, such indifference could not last, and a year later, in the midst of a religious revival which was absorbing the interest of all but a few of the undergraduates, Willis had his vision. He wrote on a January Sunday, in 1823:

I hope I have now the assurance of being an heir of life and a recipient of the protection which the wings of a Saviour's mercy must afford to those who are gathered under them. . . . Saturday evening I attended our usual meeting in the academy for the *first time* since I have been in Andover. It is conducted by the pious scholars of the academy in succession, and is very interesting. This evening Dr. Shedd preached the lecture, and after meeting there is to be another at Mr. Adams's house. So you see, pa, we are engaged here, and have reason to hope that *many* will be inquiring the way to the foot of the cross. . . . *Monday evening, 12 o'clock.* I have truly spent an evening of happiness, and I thought I must open my letter and tell you. At half-past six William Adams and I had appointed a

meeting, to be conducted wholly by ourselves. We had invited only a few, but when we got there it was so crowded that I could scarcely make my way through the room to the Bible-stand. I believe that nearly all our unconverted brethren were there. . . . After it was dismissed, many seemed to linger, as if they did not want to go, and we conversed with some of them. I then went to Cutler's room, and Allen and I stayed there until almost eleven o'clock. There were several of the Seminarians there, and we prayed and sung, *prayed and sung*, till it seemed a little heaven on earth. The seriousness increases; many more are deeply impressed, and the academy presents solemn countenances generally.

A few days later, when the mania was apparently at its height and the emotional stress was getting almost unendurable, this boy of seventeen wrote like Billy Sunday:

We have had a meeting in Allen's room to-night. . . . The room was crowded, body and all, so that you could not have got through, but no one stirred. Sobbing and weeping were heard all round the room. William Adams, Allen, Styles, and I then went round and conversed with them. They all burst into tears immediately, and listened with the greatest eagerness, and when I got up to go to the next one, they held on to me as though salvation depended on my talking with them. Isaac Stuart sobbed aloud the whole meeting time. Joseph Jenkins was in tears, and came down to my room after meeting and asked me to pray for and with him. . . . Prayer ascends continually, sinners are repenting, and I am as proud as Lucifer. I feel as if I

was going to do all myself; as if I could convert a thousand without God, if I only told them the truth.

These vivid accounts of a typical revival may be accepted as offering a reasonably accurate picture of what the school was like one hundred years ago. There were, however, other diversions more suited to adolescent youths. Willis, who lived at the house of Major Daniel Cummings, with several other students, always remembered the gooseberry pies provided at that family table; and he enjoyed picking berries in the adjacent fields—"raspberries, black, blue, thimble, and whortle berries." In after years he sometimes indulged in reminiscences, some of which, it may be suspected, were colored by his imagination. One of his later sketches, *The Lunatic's Skate*, introducing a classmate under the pseudonym of "Larry Wynn," has some retrospective paragraphs:

In the days when I carried a satchel on the banks of the Shawsheen (a river whose half-lovely, half-wild scenery is tied like a silver thread about my heart), Larry Wynn and myself were the farthest boarders from school, in a solitary farmhouse on the edge of a lake of some miles square, called by the undignified title of Pomp's Pond. An old negro, who was believed by the boys to have come over with Christopher Columbus, was the only other human being within anything like a neighborhood of the lake (it took its name from him); and the only approaches to its waters, girded in as it was by an almost impenetrable forest, were the path through old Pomp's clearing, and that by our own door. . . . Out of school Larry and I were inseparable.

. . . We built wigwams together in the woods, had our tomahawks made of the same fashion, united our property in fox-traps, and played Indian with perfect contentment in each other's approbation.

Another of his companions at Major Cummings's was Isaac McLellan, afterwards widely known as the "poet-sportsman," who lives in anthologies because of his poem, *The Death of Napoleon*, beginning—

> Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
> Hung o'er the soldier's pillow.

In reviewing McLellan's books, Willis referred to him as "the very boy that has tracked the woods with us, and called us by our nickname over a hedge, and cracked nuts with us by the fire in the winter evenings."

It was at Andover that the impressionable Willis had the first of those innocuous flirtations which were to occupy so important a part in his life. The story is doubtless idealized, but those who are familiar with Andover Hill and its environs will enjoy the details:

Cytherean Venus! How I did love Miss Polly D. Low, the pride of the factory on the romantic Shawsheen! I saw her first in the tenderest twilight of a Saturday evening, washing her feet in the river. I was a lad of some impudence, and I sat down on a stone beside her, and by the time it was dark we were the best friends possible. She was beautiful. *I think so now.* She was about eighteen, and, though four years older than I, my education had more than equalized us. At least, if not the wiser of the two, I was the most skilled in the subtlety of love, and practiced with great suc-

cess *les petites ruses*. She was a tall brunette, and I sometimes fancied, when her eye exhibited more than ordinary feeling, that there was Indian blood under that dark and glowing skin. The valley of the Shawsheen, just below the village where I was at school, is a gem of solitary and rich scenery, and the overhanging woods and long meadows afforded the most picturesque and desirable haunts for ramblers who did not care to be met. There on Sunday afternoons, when she was released from her shuttle and I from my Schrevelius, did we meet and stroll till the nine o'clock bell of the factory summoned her unwillingly home. I could go without my supper in those days, though I doubt if I would now on such slight occasion. By the time vacation came, I found myself seriously in love, declared my passion, and left her with my heart half-broken. We were gone four weeks, and when I returned the butcher's boy was engaged to Miss Low, and I was warned to avoid the factory at the peril of a flogging.

This boy who could cherish a romantic passion for a factory maid and at the same period stay on his knees in prayer (as he tells the story) from seven o'clock until midnight without rising, is evidently prophetic of the "Nat" Willis of two decades later, whose sensibilities were so readily affected by a gift or an ache, a charming woman or a pretty dress, a lavender sunset or a lonely sea.

It was at Andover that Willis's literary inclinations had their first manifestations. He kept a diary, which he described as "a red morocco volume, of very ornate slenderness and thinness, in which I recorded my raptures at spring mornings and blue sashes, my unappre-

ciated sensibilities, my mysterious emotions by moonlight, and the charms of the incognita whom I ran against at the corner." Here also he lisped in numbers, the earliest poem of his which can be dated being sent to his sister Lucy on July 3, 1823, just a week before her marriage,—some lines of rather pedestrian blank verse, neither much worse nor much better than his later work. They began—

> There was a bride, and she was beautiful
> And fond, affectionate; her soul did love.
> 'Twas not the transient feeling of an hour,
> That loves and hates, and loves and hates again,—
> Oh, no; it was a purer, kindlier feeling,—
> A something rooted, grafted on the soul,
> That cannot help but live and bud and blossom.

To our modern taste this kind of thing, with its "did love" and its absurd "Oh, no," seems almost banal; but it is only just to point out that American poetry was then in its cradle. Only from "Thanatopsis"—printed in the *North American Review* in 1817—could Willis have sought inspiration on this side of the Atlantic. The wonder is, not that he wrote so badly, but that he tried to write blank verse at all.

Willis's chum at Andover was Henry Durant, a boy some four years older than he, whose destiny it was to found the University of California and become its first President. Durant, who was a high-stand scholar, went with Willis to Yale, where the two roomed together for four years, each one complementing the other,—the one serious, reliable, and cool-headed, the other gay,

frivolous, and self-indulgent. Willis was so quick at his books that he could secure a "gentleman's grade" without spending long hours at his desk. He was twice suspended for brief periods,—once for refusing to disclose the names of some undergraduate malefactors, and once for joining with some of his classmates in rebellion against a heavy assignment in mathematics, a subject which he detested. Willis gained some prestige through his *Absalom* (which won a prize offered by the *Christian Watchman*), and other poems on scriptural subjects, and was heralded as a prodigy. At commencement he delivered the valedictory poem, and then emerged as an alumnus,—probably as much a man of the world as any senior on the day of graduation. Meanwhile the effects of his conversion had worn off, and he wrote to his parents.

My experience makes me very much alive to the frequent fallacy of the hopes which are experienced in revivals. . . . I am under one ceaseless and enduring conviction of sin; one wearing anxiety about my soul, without making any visible progress.

All Willis's tastes and ambitions drew him towards authorship, and it was only a few weeks after leaving college before he was embarked on that career which was to make him the Prince of Magazinists. His *Scriptural Sketches* (1827) had given him what was then called a "national reputation"—which means that he had been talked about in literary circles in the larger eastern cities. The publisher, Samuel G. Goodrich, of Boston, better known by his *nom de plume* of "Peter

Parley," was glad to engage Willis to edit an "annual," entitled *The Legendary*. These illustrated publications were then having a decided vogue, in this country as well as England, under peculiar names—"Keepsakes," "Forget-me-Nots," "Souvenirs," "Leaflets of Memory," and so on. They were reeking with sentimentality, and adorned with engraved "embellishments" representing secluded tarns among the pines, tall and drooping female figures leaning against urns or reclining in verdurous bowers, orange gardens at twilight, or picturesque Claude Lorrain landscapes where the lark and the nightingale sang and the harp and the lute made tinkling music among grottoes and ivy-mantled towers. Sometimes in dusty New England attics we come across such volumes, with gilt edges, ornamented backs, and tissue paper over the engravings, the pages exuding a faint perfume as of withered rose leaves. Willis, with his proclivities, was an ideal editor for an "annual," and he was responsible for *The Token* in 1829. Then, becoming more ambitious, he started a periodical of his own, *The American Monthly Magazine*, which ran for two years in Boston until its editor became discouraged and united it with the *New York Mirror*, a weekly published every Saturday. In this new project Willis was associated with George P. Morris, the popular song writer, author of *My Mother's Bible*, *Woodman, Spare that Tree*, and *Near the Lake where Droops the Willow*, and other slushy favorites of a past generation.

Willis left Boston without regret and $3000 in debt. Of its people he wrote, "They have denied me patronage, abused me, misrepresented me, refused me both

character and genius, and I feel that I owe them nothing." When he moved to New York, he found ample recognition; and in 1831 it was agreed by the editors that it would be profitable to let him go abroad for an extended period, he to send home weekly letters to the magazine at a stipend of ten dollars an article. Sailing on October 10, 1831, from Philadelphia, he was for the next five years a wanderer in foreign climes. Other brilliant Americans—Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Washington Irving, Samuel F. B. Morse, and Caleb Cushing—had preceded him and given Europeans a favorable impression of us; and Willis was everywhere welcomed. He sought out the gay world,—taking part in carnivals and masked balls, seeing Malibran and Taglioni in Paris, joining in the intrigues and dissipations of Florence, studying the secrets of the seraglio and the Turkish slave market, and finally reaching England during the London season, to be entertained at the tables of the nobility. Even amid these distractions, however, his industry was unflagging, and he composed innumerable essays, publishing them in England as well as in the United States.

Women, especially those older than himself, were always falling in love with Willis, and he usually had some affair on his hands. He was uniformly deferential to ladies and knew how to please them by little attentions and subtle flattery. There can be no doubt that he had constantly in the back of his mind the possibility of an advantageous marriage. Indeed he wrote a friend in England:

I am proud to *be* an American, but as a literary man,

I would rather live in England. So if you know any affectionate and *good* girl who would be content to live rather a quiet life, and could love your humble servant, you have full power of attorney to dispose of me, *provided* she has *five hundred* a year, or as much more as she likes.

Eventually, after a short courtship, he became engaged to Mary Stace, daughter of the commandant of the Woolwich Arsenal, and married her in 1835. That Willis felt no passionate love for his wife may be inferred from his letters to her. He wrote her on one occasion:

Mine is not a love such as I have fancied and written about. It is more sober, more mingled with esteem and respect, and more fitted for every-day life. . . . I have lived the last ten years in gay society, and I am sick at heart of it. I want an apology to try something else.

His wife had some three hundred pounds a year in her own right, and was sufficiently amiable and unobtrusive to make him in other respects an excellent helpmate.

Before the happy bride and groom sailed for the United States in 1836, Willis's *Pencillings by the Way*, a collection of his essays, had been published in London, and he was consequently involved in a series of unpleasant quarrels. Willis, who was something of a "tuft-hunter," had had the doubtful taste to print conversations of a private nature which he had listened to in the houses of eminent people, and thus drew upon himself the wrath of John G. Lockhart, Tom Moore,

Maginn, and Captain Marryat—all vigorous bludgeon swingers. A dispute ensued with Marryat, who finally challenged Willis. Then followed a tedious correspondence between the representatives of the aggrieved parties, the letters being given full publicity at intervals in the *Times*. Willis, who displayed no lack of courage, seems to have been quite willing to risk the shedding of blood, but the seconds agreed that a meeting would be unnecessary.

After a few months in Washington, Willis purchased from his college friend, George J. Pumpelly, an estate of some two hundred acres on Owego Creek, in southern New York, not far from the Pennsylvania line. He called this home Glenmary, as a compliment to his wife. As may well be imagined, he was no dirt farmer, but, although he had no inclination to pitch hay or follow the plough, he enjoyed the sensation of being a country gentleman and of losing money every year on his crops. Any deficit could be made up by profits from his writings, for his pen was never idle. He turned for a time to the drama, but without any marked success. His *Bianca Visconti*, based on the career of Francesco Sforza and produced in 1837, had only indifferent audiences and was soon taken off. His *Tortesa the Usurer*, with Wallack in the title rôle, had about eight performances before it was withdrawn. The truth is that Willis had little or no dramatic power and not very much knowledge of stage technique. That he had not lost his skill was quite evident from his *A l'Abri, or the Tent Pitched* (1840), better known, perhaps, as *Letters from under a Bridge*, which con-

tains his best work as an essayist and is, as Professor Beers says, "filled with sunshine and the air of outdoors." It well deserves the praise of Lowell, who said of it:

> Few volumes I know to read under a tree,
> More truly delightful than his A l'Abri,
> With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
> Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook.

So far, Willis's career had been almost uninterruptedly fortunate, and he had moved gracefully from one triumph to another. He wrote, in 1843, "Calamity, as yet, we never knew." But there are periods in some men's lives when sorrow seems to follow sorrow, and such a round of disasters was now to assail the volatile Willis. His publisher failed, and he was disappointed in receiving nothing from his father-in-law's estate; consequently he was forced to sell Glenmary and move to cheaper quarters in New York City. In 1844 he lost his mother, and in March, 1845, his wife died in childbirth, leaving him with a little daughter Imogen, not three years old.

He went abroad to recuperate, but suffered a severe attack of brain fever, from which he never fully recovered. When he returned, he met in Washington Miss Cornelia Grinnell, niece and adopted daughter of a New Bedford Congressman, whom, although she was twenty years younger than he, he shortly married. A few weeks later he started with Morris a periodical called the *Home Journal*, with which he was to be associated for the more than twenty years remaining of

his life. For this magazine Willis wrote countless articles describing the varied life of the metropolis, discussing mooted points of etiquette, and sketching glittering pictures of society at fashionable watering places, like Nahant and Saratoga,—always, as he said, "buttering curiosity with the ooze of his brains." But, although he was only forty and still capable of no small amount of drudgery, he was rapidly sinking into a state of chronic invalidism and his best work was done. Always he had been subject to moods, being easily elated and as easily depressed; and now, when his health was permanently impaired, his attitude towards life quite visibly altered, and he lost the effervescent buoyancy which had formerly so captured the public. He had few resources in reading or study, and his own personal experiences were becoming narrower in range. At intervals collections of his essays and sketches appeared in book form, under various titles—*Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil* (1845), *Life Here and There* (1851), *Hurrygraphs* (1851), *Fun Jottings* (1853), and so on—all made up of ephemera. These volumes sold,—but the "first careless rapture" of his writing was gone, never to return.

In 1853 Willis, warned by his physician, moved out of the city to a house which he had built about four miles below Newburgh, on an estate which he christened Idlewild. Here at last he definitely forsook fashionable life and settled down in contentment among his pets and children. Literary people used to visit him there, and he still delighted in having his friends as guests in his home. He wrote a novel, *Paul Fane*, pub-

lished in 1857, but it was dull and had no sale. In his last years he suffered acutely from epilepsy, culminating in softening of the brain. One of his physicians wrote:

> Not only was he a martyr to the agonies of sharp and sudden attacks, but he endured all the languors of chronic disease. With the exception of Henry Heine, there has hardly been a man of letters doomed to such protracted torments from bodily disease.

During these painful days he displayed great courage and persistence, often continuing at his desk until he fainted. He died, January 20, 1867, on his birthday, and was buried some days later in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in the Boston which he had so disliked in his youth. Among his pall-bearers were Longfellow, Holmes, Fields, Edmund Quincy, Dana, and Lowell.

The testimony as to Willis's contemporary popularity is so nearly unanimous as to be convincing. Holmes and Lowell are merely two of several excellent critics who accord him a high place among American authors of the mid-nineteenth century. But when we take up the volume called *Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous*, which he himself arranged and which contains all of his best verse, we are sure to be disappointed and to marvel at the taste which could tolerate this kind of thing. The *Scriptural Sketches*, once read at so many New England country firesides, are written in blank verse which almost any clever schoolboy today could equal. Turning hopefully to other pages, we

find some feeble imitations of Byron, without Byron's fire or force:

When the rose is brightest,
  Its bloom will soonest die;
When burns the meteor brightest,
  'Twill vanish from the sky.

This is the twaddle which our grandmothers read,—and praised. When Willis tries to catch the note of Byronic melancholy, this is the best he can do:

Morn in the East! How coldly fair
  It breaks upon my fever'd eye!
How chides the calm and dewy air!
  How chides the pure and pearly sky!

The only poems of Willis which are likely to live are a few stray examples of *vers de société*,—that elusive and sparkling verse type which is tried so often and so infrequently achieved. His *Love in a Cottage* is an excellent illustration of what familiar verse should be—gay, delicate, humorous, and sentimental. The concluding stanza is singularly graceful:

True love is at home on a carpet,
  And mightily likes his ease,—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
  And starves beneath shady trees.

His wing is the fan of a lady,
  His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
  And shot from a silver string.

As a poet, then, Willis is negligible, and his verses can never be revived. That he ever had a reputation in this field is due simply to the accident of his writing in an age when America had no poets of outstanding importance except Poe. Willis actually must be rated below "L.E.L.," Felicia Hemans, Bryan Waller Procter, and even Mrs. Sigourney—all of them deep and double-dyed sentimentalists, who could sigh and shed tears even more effectively than he ever did. He lacked depth of feeling, mastery of technique, vivid imagination, and intellectual power—qualities which are combined in the personality of a true poet, like Shelley or Tennyson.

There is rather more to be said for Willis's prose. It is true that he completely lacks constructive ability, as he demonstrated when he failed in the drama and the novel, and he is the most formless of writers, rambling on discursively as the spirit animates him. His style, moreover, is often affected and stilted, and he deliberately employs fantastic words. Lowell's criticism is very much to the point:

There is Willis, all *natty* and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
Just conceive of a Muse with a ring in her nose!

He was fond of italics, like the late Queen Victoria, and he liked exclamations. But with all his faults, he was entertaining, and he can be read to-day if one is in the mood for graceful trifling.

Willis, like Byron, had to succeed at the first spring or not at all. Lowell again said the final word, when he wrote:

His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont;
So his best things are done in the flush of the moment;
If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it and shake it,
But, the fixed air once gone, he can never remake it.

He was the chronicler of fleeting impressions and passing fancies, who put down with his pen what some great conversationalists have poured out in talk. A contemporary described his prose as "transparent like a lump of ice in champagne—soft tempered like the sea breeze at night." When he wrote, "Flirtation is a circulating library in which we seldom ask twice for the same volume," his audience applauded—and remembered. In his adaptability and resourcefulness, Willis was not unlike such a present-day writer as Christopher Morley or Don Marquis—competent in most forms of literature but supreme in none. After all his years and years of scribbling, Willis left nothing behind him that the world would not gladly let die.

It is not easy to sum up Willis's character and achievement with entire justice to him, and to his generation. He was not without virtues. His liberality towards young and struggling authors, such as Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Bayard Taylor, was a familiar story to his friends, and Halleck spoke of Willis as "one of the kindest of men." In his own library he was one of the most charming of hosts, and his guests in

his days of prosperity were sumptuously entertained. Although he was frequently attacked with bitterness by envious rivals, he seldom retaliated in kind. He endured suffering without complaint just as he had accepted good fortune without boasting.

What Willis lacked was stability of character, a dominating philosophy of life, a gift for seeking out important things and distinguishing them from unimportant ones. Success had come his way too easily. Fame, money, pleasure had all been his almost without an effort, and he was never subjected to discipline until it was too late. He cared little, moreover, for scholarship or sound learning. Information as such merely bored him, and he never chose to read "heavy" books. Nor did he do much real thinking. He could in a limited way feel and appreciate what he saw, but he had no sense of discrimination between what was good and what was meretricious. Like Leigh Hunt, he was inclined to be flashy and vulgar, and every once in a while showed a lapse from good taste. The epithet "Namby Pamby," sometimes applied to him, was just applicable enough to stick.

In our literary history, Willis, like Timothy Dwight and Charles Brockden Brown, has a definite place, but there will never be a niche for him in any American Hall of Fame. He had his little day and ceased to be, and was superseded by a group of writers in every way superior to him—Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Whitman. Willis earned exactly what he deserved and perhaps desired—a wide temporary popularity, which satisfied his vanity, and a slow relapse into comparative

oblivion, after he was dead and lying in Mount Auburn Cemetery. Nothing is remembered of Willis today except his name—*Nomen, et praeterea nihil!* And when we feel impelled to sum up his characteristics, we turn inevitably to the lines of Lowell:

He'd have been just the fellow to sup at the Mermaid,
Cracking jokes at rare Ben, with an eye to the barmaid,
His wit running up as Canary ran down,—
The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the Town.

RAY PALMER

1808-1887

AMONG the distinguished graduates of Phillips Academy who have been discussed in this series of biographies, not a few have been men of action—statesmen, inventors, and pioneers. We now turn to one like Holmes and Willis, whose chief triumphs, such as they were, were won in the field of thought. The Reverend Ray Palmer, preacher and hymnologist, is remembered because of what he said and wrote, just as Rantoul, Morse, and Wheelwright are famous because of what they made or did.

Ray Palmer was born, November 12, 1808, in the attractive agricultural community of Little Compton, Newport County, Rhode Island, the fourth child and third son of the Honorable Thomas Palmer and his wife Susanna. Both parents were of Pilgrim stock, the father being a direct descendant of Betty (Alden) Palmer, the daughter of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins. He was a man of integrity, sagacity, and energy, who became a Judge of the Circuit Court of Rhode Island. The mother was a woman of great sensibility and charm of character, who, however, died in 1817, when little Ray was only nine years old. Although Thomas Palmer was what we call a "self-made man," he loved books, especially poetry, and used to recite

long passages from Young, Cowper, and Kirke White. The boy was brought up in a cultured and pious household. In 1880, when the Congregational Church of his native village celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, Ray Palmer closed his reminiscent address with a poem, in which he said:

No place that monarch hath builded in glory
Hath splendors that ever for me can compare
With the dear humble dwelling, whose whole simple story
Is this,—that the home of my childhood was there!

In the autumn of 1821, when Ray was thirteen, he was sent to Boston to live with an uncle and attend the public schools of that city. This uncle, who was a merchant, prevailed upon his nephew to abandon a formal education and enter business; and for eighteen months he was a clerk in a paper-hanging establishment. A higher destiny, however, was awaiting the boy whom Professor Austin Phelps once described as "a predestined hymn writer." Sick of trade, he persuaded his father to let him enter Phillips Academy and prepare for college; and to Andover Hill he came in September, 1823, with Horatio Balch Hackett and little nine-year-old John Codman, the youngest member of his class.

Palmer lived at Miss Hannah Newman's with several other interesting boys, among them the picturesque James Woods McLane, who had ridden to Andover from North Carolina on horseback and in later life was

Ray Palmer

to be well known as a translator of the Hebrew Bible. In after years, Palmer wrote of Phillips Academy:

With quenchless thirst we sought each classic stream,
Parnassus climbed, in many a waking dream,
Or scaled Olympus.

From all that we can learn, he was an earnest student, whose religious nature matured early—he joined the Park Street Church in Boston before he entered Andover. He was a leader in school and took a conspicuous part in undergraduate activities. In the autumn of 1824, finding that he was ineligible for the Social Fraternity because he was not a Senior, he induced Horatio B. Hackett, Jonathan F. Stearns, and William Newell to join him in founding the Philomathean Society, which is to-day the oldest organization still existing in the Academy. In later years, Dr. Palmer used to recall vividly those early days of "Philo," when the initiation ceremony was a terrifying proceeding.

Perhaps the most interesting of his recollections of his school days concerned the June morning in 1825 when he and six or seven other enterprising youths, having secured from Principal John Adams permission to walk to Charlestown, about eighteen miles away, set out before breakfast to hear Daniel Webster deliver his famous Bunker Hill Oration. The boys reached Charlestown in time to join the procession at eleven o'clock; and, at the Hill itself, they forced themselves in among the Royal Arch Masons directly in front of the great orator, and heard the words resound from his

lips, "The same heavens are over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed!"

In those days there was no Lawrence or Lowell, and Andover Hill was very much isolated. A trip to Boston, even by stagecoach, was a far journey, to be undertaken only after serious preparation. Palmer used to go on long walks to the Land of Nod or to Prospect Hill and the marshes beyond, and he learned, like many after him, to love the Andover countryside. He was an industrious and earnest young fellow, who enjoyed debating more than swimming and preferred a book to a football; but he was no prig, and his sense of humor then, as later, was exceedingly keen.

Graduating at Phillips Academy in 1826, Palmer went on to Yale, with William Newell, Jonathan F. Stearns having gone to Harvard and Horatio B. Hackett to Amherst. The most interesting event in his college career is the part taken by him in what was known at the time as the "Bread and Butter Rebellion" or the "Stomach War." There had been complaints about the food served in Commons, especially regarding wormy cabbage. A banner was carried by the undergraduates in procession to President Day's study, showing a gigantic cabbage being devoured by an enormous worm, with the couplet underneath:

> Oh who, save with a quaking heart, e'er looked
> On wormy cabbage though by Homer cooked.

The three lower classes, who were the greatest sufferers, seceded from Commons and voted to absent themselves from every college exercise until the evils were re-

dressed; and Palmer signed his name to a document declaring that the steward was not observing the college regulation that he should "at all times cause the table to be decently spread and attended." There was a mass meeting in Hillhouse Woods, at which the rebels pledged themselves to "deathless friendship." There was much oratory and rash denunciation of authorities. Then fathers began to get busy, and the seceders were forced by the strong parental arm to recant. The affair is very diverting looked at from the distance of a hundred years.

During the early part of his Senior year at Yale, Palmer's health became seriously impaired, and he at length went home, as was generally believed, to die. After a long and painful illness, however, he slowly recovered, returning to college in time to take his degree, which was awarded him in spite of the fact that he had not fulfilled all the residence requirements. At the close of the summer, in 1830, he accepted a position as a subordinate teacher in a boarding school for young ladies in New York City. With his health still feeble and his future uncertain, he fell often into moods of despondency, during one of which he wrote the hymn with which his name will always be associated:

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
    Savior Divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
    Be wholly Thine.

He placed the manuscript in a memorandum book and laid it aside until a year and a half later, when he met in Boston the famous composer, Lowell Mason, who told him that a book of hymns was being prepared called *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*. Palmer was encouraged to show the hymn to Mason, who was pleased with it and set it to music. It became popular as soon as it was published and was eventually translated into almost every modern language. It has been called by Theodore L. Cuyler "the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church." Palmer himself said of it modestly:

I suppose that this hymn has found a response in so many Christian hearts because it expresses that act of simple trust in the Atoning Lamb, which is the most central thing in the Christian life.

In the autumn of 1831, Palmer returned to New Haven, where he accepted a position as assistant to Professor E. A. Andrews in a Young Ladies' Institute, and became sole head of the school a year later. Meanwhile he fell in love with one of his pupils, Ann Maria Wand, daughter of an Albany merchant, whom he married on October 3, 1832. Although he was successful as a teacher, he studied theology in his spare hours under Dr. N. W. Taylor and secured a license to preach. Soon he received a call to become pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Bath, Maine, where he was formally ordained on July 22, 1835.

During his lifetime, Palmer held only two active

pastorates: the one at Bath, where he remained for fifteen years; and another at Albany, New York, to which city he moved in 1850, as pastor of the First Congregational Church. Here he had unquestionably his most notable success in pastoral work. So much was he beloved that when, after he had left them, his congregation built a new home in another location, they called it the "Ray Palmer Memorial Church," and it still bears his name to-day. In 1866, while he was in Albany, he was elected Secretary of the American Congregational Union and moved to New York City, where he worked for twelve years. In 1878, he retired to a home which he had made for himself in Newark, New Jersey, being still vigorous enough to serve for nearly a decade as Associate Pastor of the Bellevue Avenue Church in that city. On the golden anniversary of their wedding, October 3, 1882, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer received at their Newark house a group of sixty relatives and friends, including three of the original bridal party of six. Dr. Richard Salter Storrs made a speech which deeply affected every one present, and the only son, the Reverend Charles Ray Palmer, presented his parents with an album filled with congratulatory letters from hundreds of friends on both sides of the Atlantic, including Whittier and Holmes.

During his declining years, Dr. Palmer was chiefly engaged in arranging his literary works. In February, 1883, he suffered a paralytic stroke, followed by others in 1886 and 1887. In his last hours he was unconscious for long periods, but just before the end those who were at his side could hear him repeating in broken

syllables the words of the last stanza of one of his best-known hymns:

> When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
> And still this throbbing heart,
> The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
> All glorious as Thou art.

They were the last sentences that fell from his lips. He died, March 29, 1887, having completed almost fourscore years. Funeral services were held in both Newark and Albany, and he was buried on April 1, in the Albany rural cemetery. His wife had preceded him only a year before. He was survived by his son and by two daughters, who had taken care of him in his home during his closing days.

Dr. Palmer was a prolific and versatile poet, turning to the writing of verse for relief and recreation from sterner pursuits and always a little troubled lest it absorb too much of his time and strength. His *Hymns and Poems*, opening with "My Faith Looks up to Thee," gave him high prestige as a hymnologist, and the volumes which followed were well received. *Hymns of My Holy Hours* (1866) had an extensive sale, and one ardent admirer wrote of them:

> Reverent, tender, rich in ripened faith, saturated with the very sentiment of a pervading and healthful piety, sweet in their melody, and strong in their upward impulse, they will multiply and illuminate the holy hours of their readers as they bring away the spirit which marked the hours of their author.

In 1872 he published a long meditative and didactic

poem in blank verse called *Home; or the Unlost Paradise*. Through it runs a slight narrative thread, following the married life of Mary and Edward to the grave and beyond. Its quality may be judged from a typical passage:

> Frown not when roisterous boys or toss or strike
> The bounding ball, or leap, or run, or ride
> The mastered steed that, as the rider, loves
> The rushing course; or when with ringing steel
> The polished ice they sweep in winter's reign.
> All pleasing pastimes, innocent delights,
> That gladden hearts yet simple and sincere,
> Let Love parental gather round the Home
> And consecrate by sharing.

The general tone and spirit is that of Cowper's *Task*, with its unusual combination of colloquialism, sentiment, simplicity, and burlesque.

In 1876, Dr. Palmer brought out his *Complete Poetical Works*, in one volume, following this in 1881 with another book called *Voices of Home and Gladness*, which included a large number of what the author called "sacred lyrics," described by him also as "simple expressions of true and healthful religious feeling." They are written on many themes and include a large variety of stanzaic forms. The author seems to have liked to experiment with uncommon meters, and his lines often show a considerable amount of technical skill. Here again he resembles in many respects the English poet Cowper, who was also a hymn writer of the first rank.

It should be said that Dr. Palmer was more amazed than anyone else at the wide popularity of "My Faith

Looks up to Thee," which was to him "a very simple outcome, in a still hour, of a surcharged heart." Its very sincerity and spontaneity, however, are what make it great, and these qualities distinguish, to a more or less degree, the sixty or more hymns of his which have found their way to general acceptance. He would have been the first to reject the title of "poet," as applied to himself; but some of his hymns, as has been often pointed out, abide every test to which such writing can be subjected.

Dr. Palmer did not confine his literary labors to verse. He was a popular although perhaps too fluent preacher in a period when sermons at least an hour long were considered *de rigueur*, and from time to time he published collections of essays or exhortations, taken, we may suppose, mainly from his pulpit utterances. One such volume was called *Spiritual Improvement; or Aid to Growth in Grace;* another had the title *Earnest Words; or True Success in Life.* I have also seen and glanced through a book called *Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions* (1860), made up, apparently, of sermons directed at young men who were troubled by honest doubts.

His connections with Andover Hill were not by any means broken off when he graduated from Phillips Academy. From 1865 to 1878 he was one of the Board of Visitors of Andover Theological Seminary, and he was a lecturer on hymnology during 1878-1879. In 1875, at the public exercises held in the hall of Phillips Academy, on Wednesday, May 26, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Philomathean So-

ciety, he was the presiding officer and delivered the address of welcome, which was rich in pleasant memories of his boyhood days at Andover. It was then, when he was nearly seventy, that he said, with inspiring optimism:

I declare to you to-day, I feel just as young as I did when I came out of Phillips Academy. The world looks just as bright; the faces just as youthful; I enjoy seeing them; I enjoy companionship with them, the youngest of them; and during the thirty or forty years I have been a Christian pastor, it was my greatest joy to live, move, and have my being in the midst of the young people in my charge.

Dr. Palmer was also present as an honored guest on that June day in 1878 when Phillips Academy celebrated the completion of the first century of her existence, and heard his old friend and schoolmate, Oliver Wendell Holmes, read an original poem, "The School Boy," in which that distinguished author, turning to Palmer, asked rhetorically,

Is he not here whose breath of holy song
Has raised the downcast eyes of faith so long?

It was his privilege to open the exercises on Wednesday evening, June 5, with prayer, and to listen a few minutes later to the singing by the great audience of his famous hymn, known by heart to almost everyone present. It was a proud moment, perhaps the culmination of a long and useful career.

Ray Palmer beautifully exemplified in his life what William James once called "the religion of healthy-

mindedness." He had a temperament, as James described it, "organically weighted on the side of cheer and fatally forbidden to linger . . . over the darker aspects of the universe." Repeated bereavements devastated his family circle. Of his ten children, five sons and two daughters in succession, having aroused his affection and shown promise of becoming fine men and women, died before they could fulfil that expectation; yet the father merely bent his head and said quietly, "Thy will be done!" During most of his maturity he was afflicted by ailments, particularly a very painful form of chronic sciatica which seldom permitted him a full night's rest; but he never complained, and he bore his infirmities with an amazing patience. So long as he could find some task to keep him occupied, he was happy, and he found in work a refuge from sorrow, a kind of moral opiate when suffering assailed him. When other diversions failed him, he resorted to letter-writing, corresponding with many of the great men of his generation. Although he lived in a period when critics were attempting to undermine some of the important doctrines and dogmas of the church, he ignored Darwin and Spencer and Matthew Arnold and allowed nothing to shake his simple beliefs. His optimism, which was consistent and deep-seated, gave him an absolute confidence in the permanence of what he conceived to be the truth and an assurance that "Whatever is, is Right!" His serenity of mind was the logical consequence of an abiding faith,—what might be called an impregnable philosophy of the universe.

In appearance, he was rather delicate, with a high

forehead, a sensitive and refined face, and the very softest of white hair, always brushed back from the brow. He had a very keen sense of humor, and one of his granddaughters particularly remembers "the merry twinkle in his eye and his very hearty laugh." He had a marked fondness for all animals and an unusual power over them. When he occasionally visited his son, Charles Ray Palmer—a graduate of Phillips Academy in the class of 1851—at Bridgeport, Connecticut, he used to ask to be taken to the winter quarters of Barnum's circus, where the great Mr. Barnum himself enjoyed showing off his trained menagerie to such an interested spectator.

Dr. Palmer was utterly incapable of guile or enduring enmity. Thoroughly conscientious and honest himself, he assumed that others were equally free from base motives. Although he had firm convictions and maintained them courageously, he showed no trace of intolerance or bigotry. He could resent injustice, but was incapable of bearing a grudge. His self-control, even in the midst of violent controversy, was remarkable. He was very modest. "It was amusing," said one of his contemporaries, "to see how, while he was sitting behind others on a platform and the speaker quoted one of his hymns making some grateful and pleasant remark about its author, he would blush like some schoolboy and hide his face with his uplifted hand." He was, in fact, a Christian gentleman of the old school, of whom it might have been said,

> None knew thee but to love thee,
> Nor named thee but to praise.

Many members of the Palmer clan have graduated at Phillips Academy. Among the most distinguished are Professor George Herbert Palmer, '58, and Dr. Frederic Palmer, '65, both now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who are the sons of Julius Palmer, brother of Ray Palmer. Ray Palmer's son, Charles Ray Palmer, graduated at Andover in the class of 1851, and the latter's daughter, Edith, married Arthur Ellsworth Foote, '92. The most recent of Dr. Ray Palmer's descendants to carry on the Palmer tradition at Andover have been the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Ray Palmer Foote, '19, and Alfred Sherman Foote, '24.

It is interesting to note that two of the most famous of American hymn writers—Holmes and Palmer—were in Phillips Academy together. Holmes, the Unitarian, wrote the stirring verses:

> O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
> Behold the sacrifice we bring.

and that equally splendid "Sun-Day Hymn":

> Lord of all being! throned afar,
> Thy glory flames from sun and star,
> Center and soul of every sphere,
> Yet to each loving heart how near!

Palmer, the Congregationalist, was the author of milder, sweeter verses, like "Before Thy Throne with Tearful Eyes," "Jesus, these Eyes Have never Seen," and "Oh! sweetly Breathe the Lyres above." Holmes is doubtless the greater poet, but it may fairly be said that no hymn by an American writer has been more

genuinely popular among all classes of people than "My Faith Looks up to Thee!" On Palmer's golden anniversary, Holmes sent him the following letter:

Your old friend and Andover fellow-student sends you his cordial and affectionate greeting on this golden anniversary of your wedded life. May that life flow on in tranquil and happy companionship with the partner of all its vicissitudes until Heaven calls you from singing its hymns of earth to join in songs of angels.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

1809-1894

NOT every New England boy who attended Phillips Academy during its formative period, or even later, reacted favorably to its Spartan methods of developing character. Sensitive souls sometimes remembered and resented its rigorous discipline, and consequently did not always speak of it with affection. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the class of 1825, was of this type. Even to the end of his long life, he had disconcerting memories of his school days on Andover Hill. Furthermore his religious evolution caused him, as he advanced in age, to dislike more and more the Calvinistic theology which, in his childhood, had dominated Phillips Academy as well as Andover Theological Seminary. As a result, Holmes was always of two minds about Andover: his personal experience there had not been altogether pleasurable, but he remained fond of its traditions and grew increasingly proud of the prestige which it gained in the late nineteenth century.

There were circumstances which made it inevitable that Holmes should be sent to Andover. His mother's father, Oliver Wendell (1733-1818), a member of the Governor's Council, was not only one of the original members of the Phillips Board of Trustees but also

Treasurer of the Academy for eight years, from 1795 to 1803. Oliver's father, Abiel Holmes, a Yale man and pastor of the First Church in Cambridge for forty years, was elected a Trustee of Phillips Academy in 1809 (the year in which Oliver was born) and served in that capacity until his death in 1827. The family's Andover connections were, therefore, intimate. Oliver had driven there with his father to the annual Exhibitions; he had seen Dr. Pearson and Principal Adams and many of the Phillips family; and he had accepted uncomplainingly the decision that he was some day to be enrolled in Phillips Academy as a student.

The Reverend Abiel Holmes was unmistakably a Calvinist of unblemished orthodoxy and established convictions; but his wife, Sarah Wendell, had a more liberal theology, which was evidently not without its influence on Oliver. Later Holmes wrote:

> We learned nominally that we were a set of little fallen wretches, exposed to the wrath of God by the fact of that existence which we could not help . . . I was given to questionings, and my mind early revolted from the teachings of the Catechism and the books which followed out its dogmas.

Mrs. Holmes, whose associations had always been with Unitarian Cambridge, took good care, without absolutely disobeying her husband, to make sure that the harsh doctrines of his inflexible creed were modified for her children. The Reverend Abiel Holmes would doubtless have been pleased if his son could have become a clergyman; and the boy himself later admitted

Oliver Wendell Holmes

that he might have entered the ministry if a certain preacher "had not looked and talked so like an undertaker."

Born in Cambridge, in the midst of a collegiate atmosphere, Holmes was early sent to a Dame's School and then to a teacher in Cambridgeport. He was fifteen when, in the autumn of 1824, he was driven to Andover for a final year of preparation before entering Harvard. Holmes's description of his arrival at the Academy is both amusing and pathetic:

It was a shallow, two-story white house before which we stopped, just at the entrance of the central village, the residence of a very worthy professor in the theological seminary,—learned, amiable, exemplary, but thought by certain experts to be a little questionable in the matter of homoosianism, or some such doctrine. There was a great rock that showed its round back in the narrow front yard. It looked cold and hard; but it hinted firmness and indifference to the sentiments fast struggling to get uppermost in my youthful bosom; for I was not too old for homesickness,—who is? The carriage and my fond companions had to leave me at last. I saw it go down the declivity that sloped southward, then climb the next ascent, then sink gradually until the window in the back of it disappeared like an eye that shuts, and leaves the world dark to some widowed heart.

This house, the boy's home while he was in Andover, was then the residence of the stately Professor James Murdock, professor of sacred rhetoric in Andover

Theological Seminary. It still stands on Andover Hill, where it is occupied to-day by Mr. James C. Sawyer.

Holmes's account of his experiences in Andover, printed in a charming essay called "Cinders from the Ashes," gives a faithful picture of the school under Principal John Adams—whom, by the way, Holmes detested and therefore ignored. Not everything on the "sacred hill" impressed him favorably. The new Bulfinch Academy Building—still in use to-day as the Dining Hall—to him had a "dreary look" and seemed "bare and uninteresting." His companions must, however, have offered some diversion. His roommate, a "sober-faced boy of minute dimensions," once administered to him a dose of "Indian pills," which nearly knocked him out of time into eternity and inspired his landlady to say that he would never look any whiter even when he was laid out as a corpse. Next to him on the school-room bench was a ferocious youngster "with a fuliginous complexion, a dilating and whitened nostril, and a singularly malignant scowl," who found a stimulating occupation in kicking Oliver's shins with all his might under the desk and who later quite logically ended his days in a madhouse. Holmes used to watch expectantly one of his instructors, who had been warned in a dream that he would drop dead while praying, to see when this fate would descend upon him—half hopeful that the grim catastrophe might occur while he was there to see.

Corporal punishment was not uncommon in Phillips Academy in those days, and Master Adams was no gentle disciplinarian. Nor did his assistant, Jonathan Clem-

ent, believe in "sparing the rod." It was at Clement's hands that Holmes, for some trivial offense, received a whipping which caused some pain but made also a deep impression on his susceptible mind. He said of this tragic experience:

I was subjected to the severest castigation known, I believe, in the annals of punishment in that institution, such as made a sensation among all the delicate females of the vicinity, and caused young men to utter violent threats, and was, in fact, almost the occasion of a riot. It was an unfortunate display of temper on the part of one of the instructors.

Long, long afterward, when both were old men, Clement called on Holmes and apologized for the chastisement which he had inflicted.

But there were some forms of harmless recreation, even on "Brimstone Hill." It is true that one excellent lady had the habit of asking students to her house on Saturday afternoons for a session of prayer; but Holmes evidently employed his weekly holiday in more mundane pursuits. The little Shawsheen, as he said, was his swimming-school, and he took pleasant walks along the wooded slope of Indian Ridge. With his companions he played a kind of embryonic and unorganized baseball and football. He joined the Social Fraternity, the dread secrets of which he was "under a lifelong obligation never to reveal." He took part in public speaking and debating; he delivered at the Exhibition of 1825 a treatise on "Fancy," which was apparently well received. He actually wrote some verses, including a translation from the *Aeneid*, two of the lines of which

he liked to quote as an early example of "cockney rhyme:"

> Thus by the power of Jove's imperial arm
> The boiling ocean trembled into calm.

His one year at Phillips Academy over, Holmes slipped easily into Harvard, where he became a member of the "famous class of 1829," several of whom, like himself, were later to become famous—Benjamin R. Curtis, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, James Freeman Clarke, Samuel F. Smith (author of "America"), Samuel May, the "gentle abolitionist," and others. Holmes's college career was evidently more gay than studious. He himself wrote:

Wine was very freely drunk in those days, without fear and without reproach from the pulpit or the platform. I remember on the occasion of my having an "Exhibition" that, with the consent of my parents, I laid in a considerable stock, and that my room was for several days the seat of continuous revelry; but we must remember what an immense change opinion has undergone since my time in regard to the use of alcoholic stimulants.

At any rate his only distinctions at Harvard were of a literary kind, such as poems written for college publications or read at the Commencement exercises. He wrote his friend Phineas Barnes:

I am not dissipated and I am not sedate, and when I last ascertained my college rank I stood in the humble situation of seventeenth scholar.

Occasionally he returned to Andover, usually at the time of the annual Exhibitions, and his impressions were not always favorable. On October 23, 1828, he wrote Barnes:

I have been to the delectable town of Andover and witnessed their last Exhibition, and I will tell you what I saw. Imprimis, I saw children in petticoats running to and from Phillips Academy . . . Next I saw old John Adams in his blue surtout, and Clement in his old cloak, like "a shirt on a handspike" . . . As for hearing, I heard the Academy bell, and I went to the Exhibition and heard the boys speak, and then I heard some most execrable singing and fiddling, and then a long prosing address from Dr. Dana.

In December, 1828, he again wrote Barnes:

I have heard nothing of the Social Fraternity, but I should imagine that it could not be well supported by a parcel of overgrown lubberly rustics and a flock of unweaned bantlings, who now constitute the greatest part of Phillips Acad. In my own opinion Adams is one of the most bigoted, narrow-minded, uncivilized old brutes that ever had the honor of licking into shape the minds of two such promising youths as P. B. and O. W. H.

They are going to have a High School for girls at Andover. What a pity it was not instituted when we were there; there are very pretty walks and very shady groves in the place.

Probably these criticisms should not be taken too seriously, but accepted as symptomatic of a sophomoric

habit of mind which Holmes was later in due season to outgrow.

Hesitating in his choice of a profession, Holmes spent an unprofitable year in Harvard Law School, during which his only distinction came from the publication of his impassioned poem "Old Ironsides," which was reprinted all over the country and actually saved the frigate *Constitution* from being broken up. Then he turned to medicine, studying under Dr. James Jackson; and in 1833, his devoted parents, by dint of great economy, managed to gather funds sufficient to send him to Europe, where he did some intensive research work under eminent Paris surgeons. On his return in December, 1835, he hung out his sign as a practising physician, with the motto "the smallest fevers thankfully received." In the same year he published his first volume of poetry, a little collection which included, among others, the immortal "Last Leaf."

Holmes was never a prominent physician, nor did he care much about bedside practice. Preferring, as he did, the academic side of medicine, he was elated at his appointment in 1847 as Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard. There he remained for thirty-five years, earning a reputation for accuracy, patience, and thoroughness as well as originality and humor. He was an early microscopist, and brought a lens back with him from Europe. At least one essay of his —that "On the Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever"— was an original and significant contribution to medical science.

Holmes's success in his chosen profession, however,

was to be completely over-shadowed by his work in literature. In a sense he was always writing verses; indeed his very facility and fluency may have kept him from reaching the very highest position. But he did win a place as perhaps our finest writer of familiar verse, or *vers de société*. In such masterpieces as "Dorothy Q.," "Bill and Joe," and "To an Insect," he is fully the equal of Praed, Locker-Lampson, and Austin Dobson. It was, in fact, Locker-Lampson himself who, in 1867, declared that Holmes was the best living writer of society verse—a very flattering compliment for the American. Holmes's talent was not allowed to lie idle. He was constantly being called upon for what were then termed "effusions"; he sent for many years a poem to be read at the reunion of his college class; and no important gathering in Boston or vicinity was considered successful without some lines from Holmes's untiring pen.

It was not, however, until he was nearly fifty that he took an assured position as a literary personage. When Lowell, in 1857, started *The Atlantic Monthly*, it was with the express stipulation that Holmes should become a contributor. The immediate result was the publication in that periodical of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, of all American books perhaps the most truly representative of New England tastes and traditions. The gentleness, the urbanity, the tolerance, and the wit of these essays aroused attention at once. They were the mature expression of a rich and friendly personality, who was interested in everything in the world, including horse racing, meerschaum pipes, old trees, and ancient legends. Other volumes followed, of

a similar discursive, chatty kind—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table* (1860), *The Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872), and *Over the Teacups* (1890)—each one filled with contagious humor and sanguine philosophy. He even tried his hand at the novel and published three stories—*Elsie Venner* (1861), *The Guardian Angel* (1867), and *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885)—but these are little more than discursive essays, held together by the slenderest of plots.

Holmes wrote much as he talked, and he was regarded as one of the great talkers of his generation. At the famous Saturday Club, the members of which dined at Parker's Hotel on the last Saturday of each month, Holmes was usually the most brilliant guest, even in the company of such men as Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, and Longfellow. "Talking," he said, "is one of the fine arts—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult." Like Dr. Johnson, he loved nothing better than to stretch his legs and have his chat out; but, unlike the Great Lexicographer, he never injured anyone's feelings or tried to dominate the assembly. And he was the least formal, the least affected, the most spontaneous of men.

So far as his religious opinions were concerned, Holmes grew broader and more tolerant as he entered the shadow of old age. He loved to discuss theological questions, but he hated the cruel creed which he had been taught in his impressionable years. A belief which sent to eternal damnation all those who had been born before Jesus came into the world seemed to him preposterous, and he did not hesitate to say so. Dr. Holmes

was sometimes criticized by narrow-minded bigots as an infidel, when he was in reality the kindliest and most humane of people. If he called theology diabology, it was because he was profoundly disgusted by the doctrines of New England Calvinism. Actually he was reverent and sincerely devout, although not always in a rigidly orthodox way.

So his life went on, placid and undisturbed, happy as few lives can be. He was married in 1840 to Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Jackson of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Devoted to her husband and rejoicing in his achievements, she has gained the praise of his biographers for being an "ideal wife." Certainly she made Holmes very much contented. He was never in the main path of public controversies, not even the struggle over slavery; he was not of a temperament to be swept by stormy passions or racked by intense sorrow; he had few anxieties, financial or professional, to trouble his mind; and he was too sensible to let himself over-work. Recognition and affection came to him almost without an effort, and in his old age he became a venerable figure of whom Boston and New England were very proud. One by one his friends and associates passed from the scene, until he was almost alone among his generation, but he still remained cheerful. It was not in his nature to mourn over-much about the past or trouble greatly about the future. In 1886, when he was seventy-seven years old, he made a voyage to England, where he was everywhere lionized and was awarded degrees by Oxford, Edinburgh, and Cambridge.

Death came slowly, but probably gratefully. Body and mind gradually lost their accustomed vigor, and at last he died painlessly, while sitting at his window, at the ripe age of eighty-five. Everywhere he was mourned, not merely because of his literary importance but because of his personality. It was recognized that a kindly, sympathetic, noble soul had left this earth.

When Phillips Academy was planning for its centenary celebration in 1878, Dr. Bancroft's thoughts turned naturally to the school's most distinguished living graduate, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom he wrote inviting him to be present as a guest and read a poem. The Autocrat's interest in Andover had been revived by a journey which he had taken there in 1867 and which he had described delightfully in a reminiscent essay. Once again, then, he took a pilgrimage over the route on which he had driven more than half a century before; and there, in the great pavilion which had been spread on the Training Field, he recited his poem "The School Boy" in which he rambled discursively about his early days on the Hill.

How all comes back! The upward-slanting floor,
The masters' thrones that flank the central door,
The long outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side.
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.
Grave is the Master's look, his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares.
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
He most of all whose kingdom is a school.

There are two hymns by Oliver Wendell Holmes which are for most alumni inseparably connected with the school. One is the noble poem which, throughout the period of the World War, seemed best to typify the Andover tradition as exemplified in her sons.

> Wake in our breasts the living fires,
> The holy faith that warmed our sires;
> Thy hand hath made our nation free;
> To die for her is serving thee.

The other, no less inspiring, is now regularly sung as part of the Exhibition program in Commencement Week:

> Lord of all being, throned afar,
> Thy glory flames from sun and star;
> Center and soul of every sphere,
> Yet to each loving heart how near.

Hearing these stirring words, one can well imagine that the author's spirit hovers about the Hill where he used to walk, and one can understand what Holmes meant when he wrote in 1867:

I believe the boy-shadow still lingers around the well-remembered scenes I traversed on that day, and that, whenever I revisit them, I shall find him again as my companion.

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